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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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FAIR OVER ENGLAND AND IRELAND

Greater Friendliness in the English-Speaking World END OF A LONG QUARREL

Fair over England and Ireland was the weather report a week ago, and Fair it was in every way, for the end of a long quarrel had come, and there is now a peace between the two countries such as they have not known for many years.

More than any other man it was Mr Joseph Chamberlain who set Ireland drifting away from the British Empire, and it is his son who brings her back with a smiling face and, we hope, a loyal heart.

After a lunch at Downing Street last week the Prime Minister gave to Mr de Valera a pair of field-glasses he had surrendered to the British in a rebellion of long ago. We may hope that, whenever he looks through these glasses over the United Kingdom, Mr de Valera will find it nothing but a friendly land. There has not been for a generation any ill-will against Ireland in this country, and the new peace brought about by the agreement is well worth the hundred millions (and more) that the nation pays for it.

One tremendous effect the new Peace will have—an increasing friendliness in the English-speaking world. In America and throughout the Empire there has long been an unhappy feeling concerning the Irish quarrel, and its healing will help to remove uneasiness far and wide.

The Treaty actually does three things. It hands over to the Free State the naval bases and harbours which had been reserved to Britain in the Treaty of 1921; it ends the Annuities dispute; and it brings Ireland into the Ottawa scheme of tariffs.

By the end of this year all the buildings, armaments, and naval stores at Berehaven, Queenstown, and Lough Swilly are to be transferred to the

Irish Government, which will thenceforward be responsible for all defensive works in the Dominion. The British Navy will thus no longer have the right to use these harbours as bases without consent.

The second part of the settlement relates to the quarrel about the payment of the land annuities which Ireland refused to pay some years ago (money advanced by the British Government to enable farmers to buy their own land). The British Government took over the responsibility of paying the money to the holders of these annuities, and endeavoured to recoup itself by imposing special duties on imports from Ireland. Ireland in turn placed import duties on British goods.

As a result of all this Britain has been the loser by about £120,000,000. Under the new Treaty Ireland will pay £10,000,000 in final settlement of all our financial claims, and the special duties imposed by both sides will be taken off, to the real benefit of Irish farmers and British industrialists, who suffered far more than the British farmers and Irish industrialists gained.

The price this country has paid and has ceased to claim under this Treaty is well worth the settlement which has been reached, for the first fruits of the new peace are to be found in the third part of the Treaty which brings the two countries together as traders.

Ireland will in future admit coal and many British manufactures free of duty and will reduce the duty on others. She will also discontinue the bounties on some of her exports to the United Kingdom. In return the British Government will put Ireland in the same position as other Dominions in respect of Customs Duties.

A Trumpet Sound From Ancient Greece

A voice of 2500 years ago has been heard again, the sound of a trumpet which first rang out in the famous days of Marathon and Thermopylae.

The trumpet was found at Trikomo in Cyprus, and was sounded by a bugler of the Cyprus police at a little ceremony when it was presented to the museum at Nicosia. One of those who heard it was Sir John Forsdyke, Director of the British Museum, and it is good news that our own treasure-house in London is to have an exact copy of this wonderfully-preserved relic.

The instrument is two feet long, weighs 14 ounces, and is made not of brass but of earthenware or clay. Nor

does it look like our modern trumpets, which are longer instruments of brass coiled round. The Cyprus trumpet is a straight tube for most of its length, widening at the end into a small "bell" mouth, not unlike certain wood-wind instruments of today.

Pictures of trumpets such as this have been found on vases, though not much is known about their use. But there is no doubt that the Cyprus trumpet was used, for still to be seen on it are the marks of its player's grip in the days of ancient Greece. It is a wonderful thing that such a fragile treasure should have been safely preserved all these years, and truly astonishing that it can still give its music to the world.

The Peace of Auld Ireland



A new happiness has come to the people of Eire (as the Free State is now called) with the signing of the Irish Peace last week, but nowhere is the happiness greater than among the peasants, who deeply love their country and its simple life.

Five Minutes With a Golden Eagle

A lady of Greenock (Mrs Drysdale) sends us this remarkably interesting account of a way-side adventure with a Golden Eagle.

We were travelling in a bus over the hill from Loch Fyne towards Glendaruel when a great bird fluttered across the road in front of the bus, and we saw that it was caught by the leg by some object.

The driver stopped the bus and my husband, who is very much interested in birds, saw that it was a golden eagle with a rabbit trap fast on its leg. The bird fluttered up the bank at the side of the road and stopped at the wire fence. The fence was one with a square mesh, and as my husband approached the bird it put its head through one of the 6-inch squares. He caught the eagle and pinioned the wings, and the driver of the bus came and opened the trap. The talons and spur only were caught in the trap and we were able to release them.

The bird was very quiet during the operation (probably because it was exhausted), and we heard later that an eagle caught in a rabbit trap had been seen in that district a week before. The fact that the eagle was still on comparatively low ground, and not in its nest high in the hills, might help to

convince those people who advocate the extermination of the golden eagle as a pest that a bird which could not carry off a trap could not carry off a lamb.

When the foot was free, and as far as we could judge not damaged, my husband held the eagle up and released its wings. The great creature then spread these immense wings and flew off and let the poor leg hang; but after flying a few yards it drew up the leg and tucked it in as it had done the other. It flew on up the hillside a little and settled to take stock and decide on its next move—probably to find a good square meal. The bird was a male, about four years old.

A Tree Waiting For Its History

The trunk of a tree cut down at Knysna is now in the Afrikana Museum, where it has been for the last eighteen months waiting for the age rings to appear and so denote its age.

It is thought to be a little less than 1000 years old, and it is proposed, when the rings do eventually appear, to write the most important facts in South African history between the lines.

FRIEND OF CECIL RHODES

He Made a Dream Come True

What Cecil Rhodes hoped and planned for South Africa his friend and helper Robert Williams lived to see done.

Rhodes dreamed of an Africa where British South Africa should stretch northwards in "a red band beyond Rhodesia through the Great Lakes to join the Sudan, and a Cape-to-Cairo railway should link these great lands.

Robert Williams, the young engineer from Aberdeen, went to South Africa to seek his fortune, and found Rhodes. That was nearly sixty years ago, when Rhodes (who had gone to South Africa to seek health) had found fortune and his destined career. He was only a few years older than Williams, but he was choosing young men to help him, and the Aberdonian was of the stamp he wanted.

He had knowledge, and quickly told Rhodes where the mineral wealth of Africa lay below the soil; and he had the shrewdness to advise where railways should be driven to make the mines pay. Rhodes and Williams began with gold; they went on to copper, and everywhere railways followed the prospectors.

A line to Southern Rhodesia paved the way to the crowning Cape-to-Cairo scheme, while the line was to be deflected through Katanga in the Congo for the sake of the copper.

Cecil Rhodes passed on with his dreams half realised; but Williams carried on. He took the uncompleted line from Broken Hill to the Congo; he deflected it through Portuguese territory to the coast at Beira.

When he was made Sir Robert, ten years ago, he could have said to his old friend: "Look! Half your plan is on the map." He was nearing eighty before his own planning had come to an end.

Watching For the French Fleet

Winchelsea has at last decided that it is unnecessary to employ an official to watch for the French Fleet.

Mr Barden, who has held this post for 50 years, was not elected again this year, nor has another watcher been elected in his place.

Apparently the town has decided to abolish this post which has existed for 500 years, recalling the days when Winchelsea was frequently assaulted by enemies from the sea. No seaport, it is claimed, was attacked so often, and only the withdrawal of the sea itself in the 15th century, leaving the town without a harbour, gave peace to this ancient Cinque Port.

It may seem strange that the post of Watcher should have continued so long, but Winchelsea still keeps its ancient forms of government, not having quite come into line with the 20th century.

Brangwyn Pictures

All our people know that Mr Frank Brangwyn, R.A., is one of our greatest living decorative painters whose vigorous work is noted for its wonderful colouring.

Any work by him is worth hearing about, and recently six large panels he was commissioned to paint for the wall of a billiard room have come into the market. They show scenes in modern Venice, and their colour is like the colour in the wall pictures (now the proud possession of Swansea Corporation) which he designed for the House of Lords. The panels which are now for sale are on an extremely large scale, the biggest being over 18 feet long and the smallest over 15. This distinguished artist's work is to be seen on the walls of many public buildings in England, Canada, and the United States.

THE BUDGET Food Reserves Purchased

All the world is impressed by the way in which the heavy taxation of the British people has been paid year by year, and once again additional burdens are to be borne with courage and determination. They are necessary for the security of the country.

Sir John Simon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has raised the Income Tax for the wealthier members of the community by sixpence, and has asked poor and rich alike to pay 2d a pound more on their tea toward the defence of their homes. Other taxes which have been increased are those on petrol and oil.

The increase in the Income Tax should not injure industry, for the allowance for wear and tear of machinery has been doubled.

A big surprise in the Chancellor's speech was his announcement that the Government has already bought reserves of wheat, whale oil, and sugar to meet any emergency for a few months.

Hark! Hark! the Dogs Do Bark

When the world's newspapers gave long accounts of the floods in California one little story escaped the notice of most of the reporters.

John Smith may have an ordinary name, but he is not an ordinary man. He is a policeman at St Bernhardino, and is also the town dog-catcher. One of his duties is to catch stray dogs in the town, to find their owners, or to find homes for unwanted dogs.

During the flood disaster Smith worked desperately hour after hour, pulling people out of half-drowned cars and carrying them to safety. He rescued many others from rooftops and trees.

Smith was exhausted when another policeman came to relieve him on duty, but he did not go home. He remembered that the city pound, in which stray animals were kept, was in the path of the rising waters. The pound was five miles out of town, but Smith made his way through the water.

He found the animals alive, huddled together in the rising water and very cold and hungry. Smith brought the dogs back and put them in the basement of the town hall, on higher ground.

The next morning, before going out with the rescue parties, he set all the dogs free, hoping that they would be able to fend for themselves. At dinner-time there was a noise of barking outside the town hall. In the pound the dogs had been used to regular feeding hours, and every one of them had come back, clamouring to be fed.

Deft Fingers and Quick Brains

A firm of lampmakers is building a new factory at Blackburn. It is a very interesting story.

Weaving makes deft fingers and quick brains. No workers anywhere can beat the cotton workers of Lancashire in this respect, and the unemployment of so many of these clever workers is a great loss to industry—for with years of idleness these qualities may be dimmed or lost.

The lampmakers firm recently visited Blackburn to see if there were enough clever fingers for them to employ. Weavers, old and young, passed tests with flying colours. The young girls came out specially well, and it was evident that the light touch gained in weaving cotton would excel at coiling the filaments of lamps and radio sets.

So the factory is now building, on a 32-acre site, and in time this hard-hit cotton town will have 5000 of its skilled folk absorbed.

THE LOTUS BLOOMS AGAIN

Three Times a Centenarian?

The old fable of sprouting grains of mummy wheat found in Egyptian tombs thousands of years old is, as C.N. readers well know, without a shadow of foundation.

No grain of wheat as much as a century old could possibly sprout again, because its core will have turned to dust. In a general way grains of wheat or rye or barley are ill adapted for long sleep. The limit of vitality is about 25 years. Other seeds, like gorse or charlock, may spring up again after a 40-years burial in the soil.

There are, nevertheless, some seeds which will keep their vitality much longer, and the lotus seed, which has a horny rind or shell, stands high among them. The Kew Bulletin mentioned a few years ago some buried seeds of the sacred lotus which must have been 120 years old. Kew grew some of them, and they flowered.

These facts receive a fresh interest from the news of ancient lotus seeds which have lately sprouted at the Field Museum in Chicago.

They were found in Manchuria in peat which was formerly the bed of a lake and had dried up. They were immersed in sulphuric acid to soften their hard shells, and have lived again. It is believed that they may be more than 300 years old, which would be a new record.

What Are We to Think of This?

We have now before us a Russian official translation into English of what is called the "Verdict in the Trial of the Anti-Soviet Right-Trotskyist Bloc."

It is too long to print, but we give the verdict in one prominent case, that of Krestinsky, who was shot for his alleged offences. This is the verdict:

Krestinsky, on direct instructions from the enemy of the people, L. Trotsky, an agent of the German and British intelligence services, entered into treasonable connections with the German Reichswehr in 1921 and was a German spy until the day of his arrest in 1937, receiving for his espionage work and for the criminal activity of the Trotskyist organisation 250,000 German gold marks annually.

The British Government has denied any employment of Krestinsky as a spy. Apart from that, how could Krestinsky receive in Russia 250,000 German gold marks (£12,500) a year in secret? Or, if he smuggled it in, how could he use it?

The verdicts as a whole, of which the above is only one, run to 5000 words and detail such extravagant crimes that one wonders at their publication.

What are we to make of a Government which lately (according to its own verdict) counted among its most trusted officials a host of murderers and thieves?

A Black Cat at Sea

A black cat strolled on board the trawler Antares as she lay refitting at Fleetwood the other day.

None of the crew knew where the cat came from, and as it seemed to take a fancy to its new surroundings pussy was allowed to stay and was given comfortable quarters. Now it is on its way to a port in Uruguay, a voyage of 5000 miles.

The Red Light Against Alcohol

Chile is making a determined effort to "save the race" from alcohol. A new law has been put into force limiting the production of beer and wine. It provides for anti-alcohol films to be shown, and makes it compulsory for schools to teach temperance.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

One of the members of the Garrison Church choir at Windsor (Mr G. Kennedy) has been singing in the choir for 70 years.

By the end of the summer there will be an air service between England and Australia three times a week, the journey from Southampton to Sydney taking only ten days.

Mr John Lister, who has just passed away at his home in Leeds, was one of the pioneers to blaze a trail through the Australian bush more than 60 years ago.

We hear that not long ago the Glasgow police found a lost ewe in the streets, locked up the wandering sheep, and next morning found her tending a new-born lamb.

Two robins have laid five eggs in a mop hung on the wall of a workshop at Pwllheli.

Mothers in Berlin are making use of a parking place for perambulators where they may leave their children under the watchful eye of a guardian.

In five weeks General Franco's army has dropped 750 tons of bombs in Spain.

It is expected that at least 2000 Esperantists representing 26 countries will attend the 30th World Esperanto Congress in London at the beginning of August.

Research work lasting fourteen years and costing about £100,000 has resulted in the wonderful British invention of the non-crease textile.

The Ford Company has just issued a new booklet giving details of films, concerning many aspects of motor manufacture and transport, which may be hired free of charge by schools.

There are over 3000 people in this country both blind and deaf.

Tent and caravan makers all over the country report record business; according to the Camping Club more than 15,000 holiday caravans will be in use this season.

THINGS SEEN

The Prime Minister riding in the cab of a 19th-century engine.

A daffodil 34 inches high at Scunthorpe vicarage.

A man throwing a lighted match over the counter in a London store.

THINGS SAID

We are living in one of those great periods of history which are awe-inspiring in their responsibilities and in their consequences. Mr Anthony Eden

A manufacturer has told me of 25 youths who will not learn their trade because they are obsessed with football pools.

Superintendent of a Birmingham Mission Had Hitler and Mussolini been cricketers I do not think we should have had all this trouble. Secretary of the M.C.C.

The only panacea for anything is work. Mr Henry Ford

Football Pools are one of the most serious of all social signs that we, as a people, are running down. Warden of Toynbee Hall

Education is in the grip of one of the things that threaten to destroy civilisation—the herd mind. Headmaster of Leeds Modern School

All decayed countries where acute poverty is rife are overrun with goats. Mr George Digby

The prison population of Russia is now about five millions. A new book on Russia

On my cycling tour across four continents the only countries where I had nothing stolen were China and Japan. A Graduate of Bombay University

May 7, 1938

The Children's Newspaper

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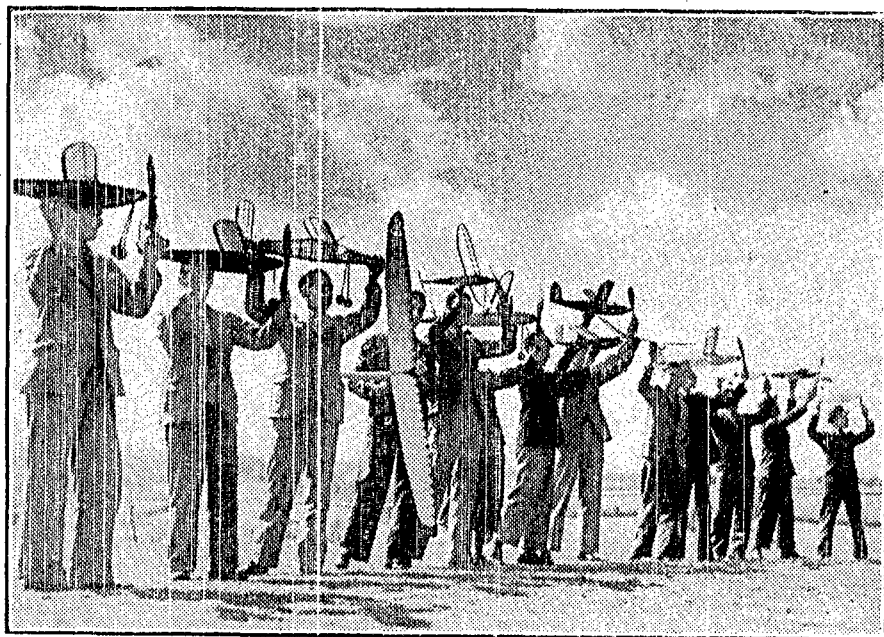
Model Planes • Scouts on Ben Nevis • The New Bank



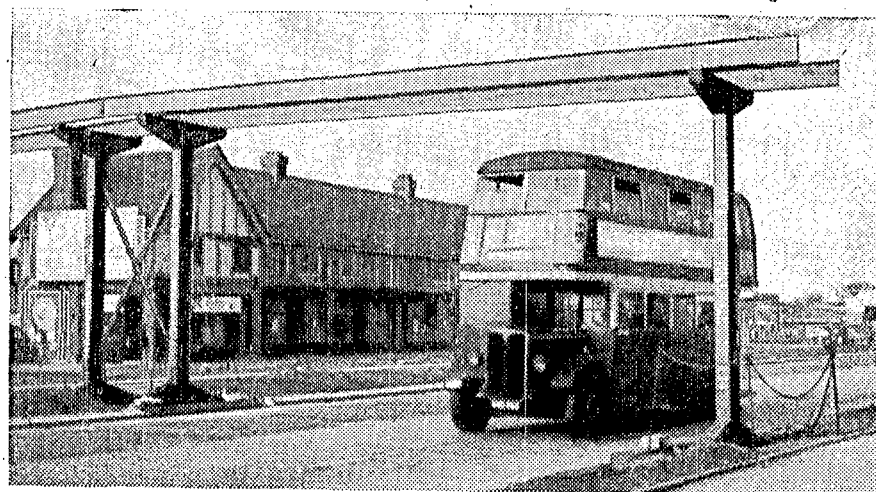
Scout Mountaineers—A party of Boy Scouts pause to admire the view as they make their way up Ben Nevis



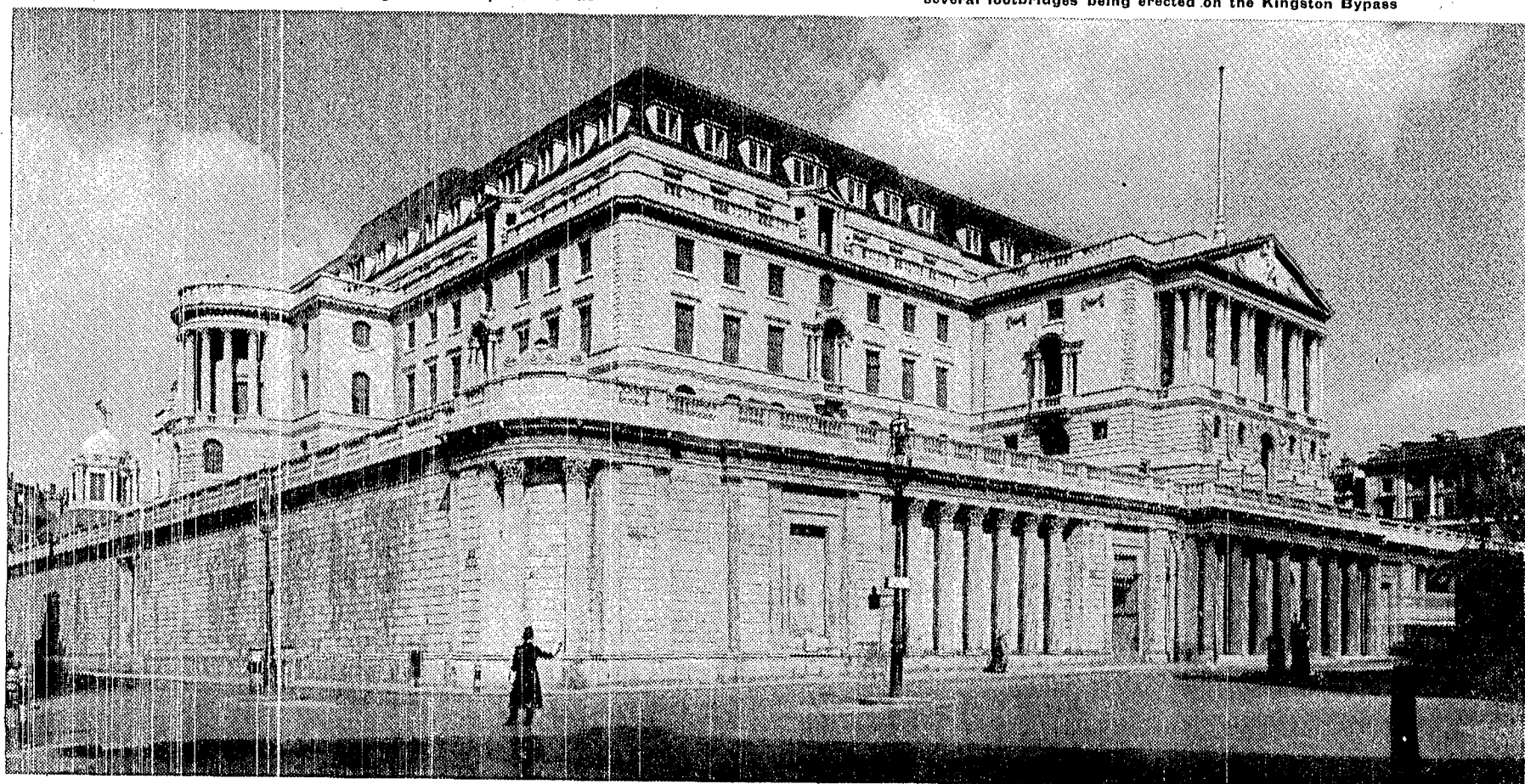
A London Roof-Garden—A quiet game of clock golf on the roof of Adelaide House. The Monument commemorating the Great Fire of 1666 is seen in the background



Little Planes—Enthusiastic owners of model planes at a competition meeting held on Epsom Downs



Safety First for Pedestrians—Girders in position for one of several footbridges being erected on the Kingston Bypass



The New Bank—For several years the new Bank of England building has been rising on the site of the old. It is now nearly completed

He Put the Flag of France in the Far-away Antarctic

A KNIGHT ERRANT OF THE SEA

INSPIRED, no doubt, by the exemplary efforts of Soviet scientists at the North Pole, France has just renewed her claims to ways and waters first explored by one of the most romantic and most gallant of her sons, who a century ago bore the tricolour as far South as man had then sailed.

She asserts her right to all territory in the South Pacific that was first seen by Admiral Dumont D'Urville, the most important element in her claim being Adélie Land, part of the Antarctic mainland, on a rocky islet off the shore of which the admiral hoisted her flag in January, 1840.

Home of Eternal Blizzards

Australia disputes the right of France to the territory, believing that she has made it her own through the efforts of Sir Douglas Mawson, foremost of her explorers, who from 1911 onwards endured frightful privations while making a two-year exploration of the interior. We at home have an interest in that grim home of eternal blizzards, for there, in a crevasse hundreds of feet deep, with his team of dogs beside him, sleeps a gallant young Englishman, Lieutenant Ninnis, lost during the expedition, but commemorated on the map by a great glacier named after him.

Admiral D'Urville named Adélie Land after his wife; the admiral's own name was placed on the map by Sir Douglas Mawson, who called the waters off the Adélie coast the D'Urville Sea.

Dumont D'Urville, as romantic a spirit as Drake himself, began and ended his career in tragic circumstances, yet filled in the space between with a series of extraordinary adventures. Born in the days of the French Revolution, and early admitted to the Navy, he was a natural explorer. In one voyage he discovered the incomparable statue of the Venus of Milo, which he saved from being burnt for lime; he brought back to France the dynasty which Napoleon had expelled, and in due course he took into exile at Edinburgh the reigning member of that dynasty.

A Hero Who Disappeared

During his explorations D'Urville solved the greatest mystery of the seas at that time, Count La Pérouse, sailing to annex Australia for France, arrived a day too late to prevent the British flag from being run up there in advance of his coming. He sailed away and was never seen again. D'Urville, after 38 years of searching by all the world's navies and merchant fleets, discovered the wreck of the dead hero's two little ships, crushed on a coral reef in the New Hebrides.

The discovery of the Antarctic mainland which he named was part of a magnificent voyage made by D'Urville lasting three years, the most remarkable in many ways since the great days of Captain Cook. It was a voyage of teeming adventures, achieved by a leader who all the time suffered the agonising horrors of gout. Personal pride made him keep on, for as he hobbled down to his ship he heard one of his men say scornfully, "That old fellow will not lead us far!"

But he led him and all the rest farther than they would otherwise have dared to go; he drove them to his farthest South. That ended a great chapter in French Antarctic voyaging, for during his time we were aiming at the North; and after his death the spirit of chivalry in our men prevented their following in his wake, so that his discovery actually held back progress in the Antarctic for many years.

Little reward did he reap from his efforts. Indeed there was hardly time, for this hero perished just two years after returning from the Antarctic in the wreck of a train to Paris.

Three Ships or Ten Cathedrals?

THE Naval Committee of the American Senate has reported favourably on President Roosevelt's programme of naval construction.

It proposes to build 46 warships, the chief item being three battleships of 45,000 tons, costing at least £18,000,000 each. They are something new in naval armament, for the biggest battleships now afloat or projected do not exceed 35,000 tons.

The Senate Report speaks of the risk of America being blockaded, which seems incredible, for America is a world in herself, lacking only tropical products such as coffee and a few materials readily stocked. Apart from these, she has all the essentials of peace and war.

It seems a pity, therefore, that it should seem necessary for America to take the lead in a new naval armaments race. In a few months American hysteria has lowered the prices of many materials by a half; in a few months more her strange ways may have raised them again to steep heights. There is no certainty about her actions—save uncertainty. So she keeps the world in economic ferment; a world which is full of men who owe ruin and despair to the caprices that govern what is naturally the richest part of it. It is an astonishing example of what happens in this world, and most astonishing of all is it that these three battleships will cost more than ten great cathedrals.

An Army of Millions To Save the Forests

SET a thief to catch a thief is the principle on which the Canadian Department of Agriculture is going about the destruction of the spruce sawfly, an insect which is threatening to eat up thousands of square miles of spruce forests.

At the Dominion Parasite Laboratory at Belleville, Ontario, the Department operates one of the queerest farms in the world. Here are bred millions of insect parasites which feed on the eggs of the sawfly to such an extent that it is hoped they will at least bring the destructive insect under control.

These parasites were in the first instance imported into Canada from Europe, where it was known they kept the European spruce fairly free from the sawfly pest. During the last few years they have been bred on an extensive scale at Belleville and liberated in different parts of Canada with good results. Naturally, the European sawfly parasite, like most Europeans, has to become acclimatised to the extremes of the Canadian climate, and this problem is being overcome.

In addition to the egg-eating parasites there are others which prefer the sawfly larvae on the trees, and still others the larvae and pupae in the cocoons. The mother parasite searches out the sawfly in whatever stage is required for its young, lays an egg on or inside its body, and goes off to repeat that operation several hundred times before it dies. When the parasite egg hatches the young larva comes out and begins its deadly work and soon the sawfly is no more.

By the end of 1936 over 27 million cocoons of parasites had been sent to Belleville from various points in Europe. They came over the Atlantic in cold storage. When received this parasite material is all in immature stages, and a tremendous amount of labour and painstaking study is needed to make sure that only beneficial species are liberated. Collecting the parasites for shipment is done by a specially constructed suction nozzle. Undesirable species are destroyed in

a solution of alcohol, and the beneficial specimens are given a final sorting before being placed in the shipping cage. If it is not convenient or desirable to ship them immediately they are fed on sugar and water and kept at a uniform temperature.

Like so many small and insignificant-looking things, these sawfly parasites have very long names, much longer than themselves. One of the most successful is called *Microplectron fuscipennis*. Another is *Exenterus adspersus*. Both these creatures have demonstrated that they can do good work in controlling the spruce sawfly and so saving Canada's vast and lovely virgin forests. One thing that encourages the work of the scientists at Belleville is the fact that a large percentage of the insects remain dormant in the cocoon for long periods, sometimes for several years. Although the pest has had half a century in which to multiply to the extent of countless millions, there is good reason to hope that science and the parasites are at last on its trail.

A New Light In Old Corby

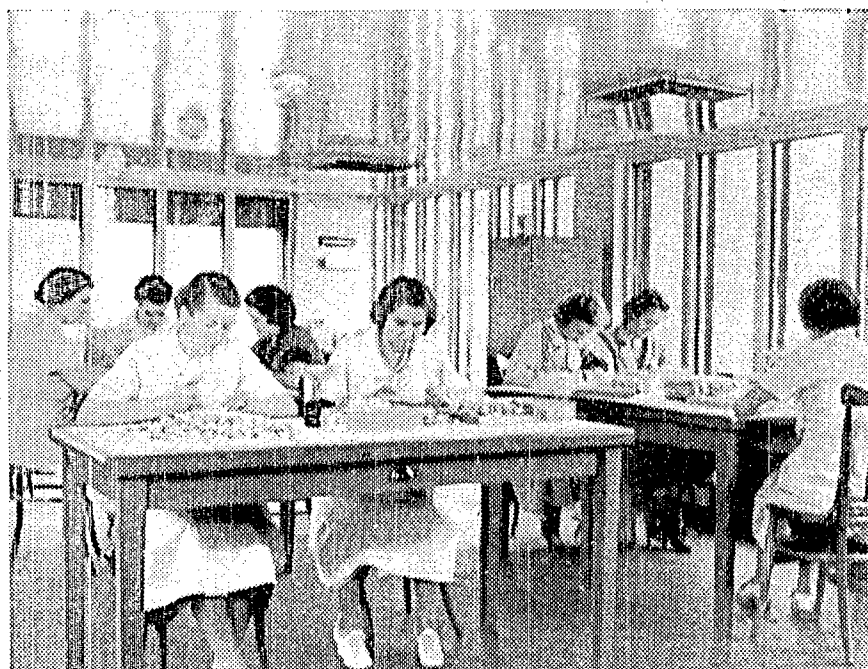
AT last the little old lady of Corby Castle has decided to do away with lamps and candles.

We do not wonder that she loves the gentle light that chased away the gloom when she was a child over 80 years ago, but it is odd to think that in these progressive times one of the stately homes of England should be without gas or electricity.

The wires are crossing Corby Park now, and the electric light is shining brilliantly from the many windows of the castle far above the gorge through which the River Eden flows. The old lady is Mrs Howard, one of the great Cumberland family related to the Duke of Norfolk. She is a lover of old ways, preferring a carriage to a car, and only reluctantly has she allowed electricity to brighten her life.

A quaint old place is Great Corby with its castle, about which we read in Arthur Mee's book of the Lake Counties. The castle is certainly as old as Norman times, and has a superb spiral stair trodden by 12th-century mailed feet. We can imagine how it would delight Lord William Howard, the famous Belted Will whose portrait, painted 300 years ago, stands out among the Correggios, the Gainsboroughs, and other pictures by English and Italian artists in the castle gallery. Two of the Howard lions stand on the imposing modern parapets. Venerable trees surround the old walls, the oaks on Castle Hill rivalling the beeches in the grove. From the lawn, shaded by a great cedar, we can stand and look down on the river, broad and deep, winding away in its wooded gorge.

Then we step down to the stone grotto below the lawn, a curious place of mermen and mermaids, gods and goddesses, of huge mouths bristling with teeth through which water pours in a joyous cascade into a pool about 80 feet below. Between the mermen and the river a stone Polyphemus stands by himself, looking at the world through his one eye.



Girls of the Dominion Parasite Laboratory at Belleville sorting out the insects which destroy the sawfly enemies of Canada's spruce forests. See column 3

WANDERING SHEEP

A well-known Cumberland flock-master has been talking about the way sheep find their way home even when they have been transported long distances.

Herdwicks, above all others, he says, have the homing instinct highly developed, and after being taken as much as 30 miles from their birthplace will find their way back to their old pastures. In about five months sheep sold at Kendal market have been known to find their way back from Watendlath in Borrowdale; and the flock-master told of a sheep taken from the fells near Kirkstone Pass to the Yorkshire dales finding its way home after wandering for miles on the bleak Pennines.

IN THE FAMILY

Mr John Knox has retired after working for 53 years at Murton Colliery. His mother, father, and four brothers all worked for the company, their total period of service amounting to 270 years.

THE LOST RING

Mrs Henry Gill of Hornthwaite Farm, near Huddersfield, has found that which was lost.

The story goes back 27 years to a summer evening when Mr and Mrs Gill, then living at Skelmanthorpe, were walking home. Seeing her husband's jacket covered with dust, Mrs Gill began beating it off with her hand, and her wedding ring flew off and rolled across the road. They searched for it without success, and the next day looked again, and the next. Never did they pass that way without hunting for the ring.

The lost ring became a tradition in Skelmanthorpe.

One day a week or two ago workmen repairing the footpath near Skelmanthorpe came upon a ring, which was taken to the police station, and identified as Mrs Gill's!

DOWN TO A SHIP WITH A RICH CARGO

A new kind of diving suit, in which the diver can work at almost normal air pressure at a depth of over 60 fathoms, is to be tried in the attempt to raise the cargo of the Cumberland, lying off Gabo Island on the Victoria coast of Australia.

The ship, which was mined during the war with a cargo worth £40,000, lies in 42 fathoms of water. Ordinary diving equipment not being practicable below 35 fathoms, all attempts at salvage so far have been thought impossible; but by means of this new suit, which has an inner and an outer helmet, an inner and outer jacket, and new kinds of valves, a diver recently descended 61 fathoms and stayed below for 20 minutes.

ALL-ELECTRIC

An official of an American electric company thinks that in 25 years the world will be All-Electric.

There will be no germs and no disease; germs will be destroyed with ultra-violet rays, and food grown without soil. Man will live in houses heated, cooled, and air-cleaned by electricity, and will wear fireproof clothing, which he can simply throw into an electric furnace when it needs cleaning.

THE BIRD DOWN THE CHIMNEY

We read the other day of the strange adventure of a pigeon which fell down a tannery chimney in Suffolk.

The bird was trapped in the chimney and could not be persuaded to find its way out through the furnace. The chimney stack was 16 feet high and had on the top a large pot out of which came the smoke. Grain was thrown to the pigeon, which could just be seen, and a glass of water was lowered to it. Then, when a week had gone by, it was decided to lower a steel bird gin-trap. All went well; the bird was caught in the trap and hoisted to the top, and in two days it had completely recovered.

A Gannet Colony on Grassholm



A crowded beach on the little island off the coast of Pembrokeshire

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON

Salim Wilson, whose real name is Hatashil-Masha-Kathish, is 79 and has celebrated his silver wedding.

He lives at Scunthorpe, but is the son of a Dinka chief, and was only a boy when he saw his father put to a cruel death by Arab slave traders. Long a captive of the men who killed his father, he was rescued by one of General Gordon's officers, and afterwards adopted by a Uganda missionary, who brought him to England. For 45 years he has been a local preacher in Lincolnshire.

AN ATTACK FROM BELOW

There are two ways of destroying mosquito larvae in ponds, pouring oil into them or introducing fish which feed on them.

Mr W. J. Fehlberg, of the Health Department of Brisbane, is stocking the city's ornamental pools and the ponds on dairy farms in the neighbourhood with a fish known as the Japanese Medaka, not unlike a goldfish. It has been found that this fish loves nothing better than the larvae of mosquitoes, and that even when it is not hungry it will kill them whenever it finds them. Within a few months Mr Fehlberg hopes to have a million of these fish, and it is believed they will destroy immense numbers of mosquito larvae, so helping to make the region healthier.

RICHES

While Mr and Mrs William Riches of Jarrow were celebrating their diamond wedding the other day they received a letter of congratulation from the King. Mr Riches is 88, his wife 78, and they have had 18 children.

The Gibbons and the Bird

THE other day a perky incautious Cockney starling at the Zoo blundered into the enclosure of the gibbons and, as a fly is caught by the hand of an agile boy, so the bird was caught by the far-reaching hand of a gibbon.

The great ape made a thorough inspection of its prize, and then let it go. Each of its companions in turn enjoyed as minute a scrutiny of the startled invader, and finally, when all had satisfied their curiosity, the starling was released and made its way to safety.

Years ago a Zoo gibbon, famous for its intelligence and affectionate docility, marred its reputation in circumstances like these; when a bird flew into its cage it swooped, captured the interloper, and in an instant bit off its head. Now, as monkeys delight in eating spiders

and insects, it was imagined from this incident that gibbons also varied their vegetarian diet by an occasional addition of animal food, and the little tragedy coloured many scientific writings on gibbons for a generation.

But, unknown to most of the world, the wise men of the Zoo ever after that kept careful watch on the gibbons, and discovered that, with many opportunities to offend in a similar way, no other gibbon ever showed the least inclination to harm a bird or other living thing. The one offending gibbon had yielded to a momentary excitement.

Gibbons, then, do not eat birds. We need but a modern Aesop to tell this story of the gibbon and the bird, and we should have another fable of courtesy among dumb creatures.

A GOOD CATCH

Police-Constable Winter of the Eastbourne force has been presented with a cup for the most meritorious action of last year. The fire engine was dashing round a corner on its way to a burning building when Fireman Taylor was slung 20 feet into the air from the vehicle. Constable Winter promptly caught him (it seems he is a noted cricketer) and the fireman was uninjured.

STEPPING STONES TO FAME

The students of Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida, are building a walk, like no other in America.

It is called the Memorial Stepping Stone Walk and is made of stones from the homes of the world's great men.

The walk is being laid through one of the loveliest bits of the beautiful college grounds. There are already over 500 stones, the British Isles being represented by stones from the homes of Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and Scott among others.

Perhaps the stone most interesting for its own sake is one presented by Admiral Byrd, who found it near the South Pole.

OUR APPLE TREES

Not only have we more fruit trees than of old, but the yield of fruit has increased.

The official fruit census of 1936 shows that we had 13,300,000 apple trees besides 2,800,000 producing cider apples. The number of plum trees was found to be six millions and of cherry trees 784,000. Pear trees were fewer (under two millions). Thus our apple, pear, cherry, and plum trees number roundly 25 millions, or about one for every two people.

BILLY'S FRIEND

Billy, the railway horse so well known to people in the streets of York by his winning ways and his liking for sweets, has been removed from delivery work and will be sorely missed by thousands of shoppers and old friends.

It appears that his former master, a short while ago, was detailed for work in the L N E R goods yard, and Billy found himself with a new driver and a different route.

Soon he began to fret and chafe under his altered conditions of work, and the railway company realised that something must be done for him. The only remedy, it was felt, was to restore him to his former driver, who had been with him so long and understood him so well, and so Billy has been taken off street work and is once more with his old friend, happy and contented.

A CHURCH PACKED UP

A big wooden church built in Australia is ready to be shipped to Nauru, New Guinea, in 1000 numbered pieces, including a bell tower, by the London Missionary Society.

Seating 1000 people, it will be one of the biggest churches in the Pacific Islands, and will be reassembled by the natives, who subscribed £3000 towards the cost.

To ensure resistance to white ants the building has been made up of American redwoods and Australian hardwoods.

THE WORKING-MAN'S BAND

Elworth, a village near Sandbach in Cheshire, is excited and pleased. Their famous band (Foden's Brass Band) has been commanded to Windsor Castle to play for the King.

The northerners are all pleased, for they love their worker-musicians to be honoured, and to honour one band is to honour all. These men work hard all day, and give every minute of their leisure to hard practice. They practise deportment too, and look after uniform and instruments to do honour to themselves and their supporters.

THE HEDGEHOG CALLS

An innkeeper at Bishop Wilton, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, has had an interesting experience with a hedgehog.

He saw the hedgehog coming to the back door of the inn and sent it away. It went round the yard, trying the tins from which the poultry drink. They were all empty, and it came to the back door once more.

This time the innkeeper gave it a good drink from a bowl, after which it went off into the garden.

HOW TO BE YOUNG AT 88

On one of our hilltops a C N friend found the other day a man celebrating his 88th birthday.

He had walked six miles from Wilmington in Kent to Lullingstone Castle to see his old friend Lady Hart Dyke, and he took from his pocket a plat of silk spun by Lady Hart Dyke's silkworms. He was as proud of that as of anything in his life, though in truth he has had a great record, for he was a sailor and had sailed on the Great Eastern.

It was a lovely day as he walked over the hilltop, and our friend tells us that he "sprinted off along the path to Sidcup as if he had another 88 years in front of him."

A CROCK OF GOLD

While Fred Jones was digging with a pick in the village of Donnington, near Wellington, he came upon a Roman urn with 500 coins, most of them minted between 1560 and 1630. It is thought that someone had purposely hidden them, perhaps in Cromwell's day, though it is odd that he should have chosen a Roman vessel for them.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 7 1938

Scotland For Ever

It is the year of the Great Exhibition and all roads are leading to Scotland.

Scotsmen feel (and we think rightly) that more of their purely national affairs, industrial and civic, might with advantage be regulated by a sort of Home Rule Parliament or other administrative assembly; and we hear that there are those who would even abolish the Act of Union and make Scotland virtually self-contained and independent of her southern partners.

In the meantime great numbers of Scots come to England to pursue their callings in every walk of life, to the enrichment of the country as a whole. Englishmen rarely go to Scotland to take up responsible positions. What, for example, would Scotland think were Englishmen to fill the great offices in her Church and in her Law Courts, as her sons fill them down in England?

We rejoice to have an illustrious Scot as Primate of All England in the person of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and we have, of course, brilliant Scots in the Government, in the Courts, and in every branch of Imperial Service throughout the Empire.

One famous Scot recognises how genial is the spirit of what he handsomely calls "that tolerant country of England." He is the great lawyer, Lord Macmillan, and he has been recalling a stirring little fact in the judicial history of the nation.

The highest court in the world is the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. To it with their causes come tribes and peoples from the wild fringes of the Empire, to it come individual citizens appealing for a final decision against the findings of the supreme courts in their own lands; to it come even the Governments of States overseas.

Lord Macmillan has been recalling a meeting of this unique body, the Court that has jurisdiction over 500 million people, at which there was *not a single member of the English Bar*. The three judges deciding affairs of moment to the Empire were Lord Dunedin, Lord Thankerton, and himself, Scotsmen all.

Proud and fortunate we are to have such Scots to serve us and humanity, but the characteristic English faith, confidence, and broad-mindedness that made possible this composition of that most august of judicial assemblies must cause ardent Scottish Nationalists to rub their eyes and wonder whether, whatever the merits of the men, they would as frankly welcome three English judges to adjudicate on Scottish affairs in a Scottish Court.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Will Parliament Think of Our Sailormen?

WE note that the Medical Officer of the Hull Port Sanitary Authority, speaking of the accommodation of the seamen working the ships that enter that port, says that it is "quite unsuited for human habitation."

A friend of ours who had the opportunity to inspect the Government standard merchant ships built during the war was told that their accommodation for seamen was a great improvement on the ordinary practice, upon which, he said, he formed the opinion that the ordinary practice must be very poor. There is no doubt, unfortunately, that much needs to be done to give the sailorman better food and better housing at sea. It is due to him as a man who follows a hazardous occupation.

The Chief Scout's Keys

THE Chief Scout has another record; he has now the keys of eleven towns and cities.

As so many of our towns have given him their freedom, may we not hope once more that London will crown his distinction by putting him on the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square?

Paradise?

IN the Turks and Caicos Islands there is no income tax, no land tax, no property tax, no tax on trades or animals or vehicles, no poll tax, and no excise or stamp duties.

If any C N reader wants to go there, the islands lie 720 miles north-east of Jamaica; we understand, however, that there are mosquitoes to devour you on land and sharks if you seek refuge in the water.

Perhaps it is better to stay at home and pay our taxes cheerfully.

Woe to the nation whose military power is irresistible. Wordsworth

Popularise the Subway

THE Minister of Transport wants more subways under our arterial roads. May we urge that he will avoid steps down in making them and give us an inclined slope instead?

We feel sure that far more people would use a subway that has no steps, and no suggestion of going down into a black hole.

Not Enough Boys and Girls

THE boys and girls of London are diminishing so rapidly that already employers are asking for more than can be supplied.

Year by year the number of those leaving school will fall off. Last year it was 95,000, but as recently as 1934 it was 108,000. When the age is raised in 1939 there will be a still further decline.

For want of juveniles London employers are finding it necessary to employ adults. This is a good result, but the general falling-off of children leaving school to take up work is by no means good.

In a Tram

TWO small boys of Manchester were on their way to play football in Platt Fields, one with a pair of old football boots, the other with a football. One wore thin sandshoes, the other shoes much too big for him.

While in the tram each put on one of the football boots to ensure that in the game they would have a good kicking foot apiece.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

OVER 11,000 ambulance badges were won by British Boy Scouts last year.

THERE were 68,000 Girl Guide campers in 3700 camps last year.

JUST AN IDEA

If editors and film-makers would give the public credit for appreciating good reading and good films the quality of our papers and cinemas would rise in six months.

Under the Editor's Table

WOMEN magistrates are not worth anything, says a man J.P. We have known men J.P.s worth much less.

PEOPLE who like to have a shot at everything usually get fired themselves.

BEEKEEPERS have had a conference. There were swarms there.

DROUGHT restrictions are being issued to gardeners. But they can't restrict the drought.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If dressmakers ever get pins and needles

A DISTRICT COUNCIL meeting lasted two hours and twenty minutes. The secretary took the minutes.

ANTI-LITTER pamphlets were dropped from a plane. A tidy few.

FAIR roundabouts are still popular. And unfair ones unpopular.

IRISHMEN manage to be completely different from Englishmen. But never completely indifferent to them.

Working Mother

By Our Country Girl

It's very sad (she said, And sighed and shook her head).

We dreamt great things for you, But none of them came true. You drudge and clean and mend: Is this to be the end?

YES! Yes! For I am proud To share with wind and cloud

The work you think disgrace. See how in every place Winds sweep and waters clean To leave earth fresh and green. Torn, broken things they mend, New seed, new life they send To cover sorry graves. Round quarry shafts and caves They hang fair creeping things Where blackbird feeds and sings. They patch with moss and loam The ruined halls of Rome. They fill a rut, and, lo! Blue heaven begins to show.

If holy wind and rain Such work do not disdain, Then let me clean and mend, God's Servant to the end.

The Old Harmonium

By The Pilgrim

THE organist was noted for his brilliant recitals, and at the fashionable church where he had charge of the musical parts of the service his playing was masterly.

Among the hundreds of people who attended every Sunday was a frail boy. To him the organ spoke as perhaps to none other in the church, and listening to it was the joy of his life.

There came a time when the boy could not go to church. Day and night he lay in bed in a little house in a rather poor quarter of the city. With an open hymn book in his hands he used to read the verses and think of the beautiful way the organist would play them.

One day his bedroom door was thrown open, and so was the door of the shabby room below. Someone sat down at the old harmonium, and at a touch it leapt into life. It was wheezy and out of tune, but it was the next best thing to the grand organ in the church—and it was the organist who was playing on its yellow keys.

So began a long series of recitals, and only when the sufferer passed on to where there is no pain did the old harmonium become silent again.

A Prayer

We ask Thee not to lift us out of life, but to prove Thy power within it; not for tasks more suited to our strength, but for strength more suited to our tasks. Give us the vision that moves, the strength that endures, the grace of Jesus Christ who wore humanity as a monarch's robe, and walked our earthly life like a conqueror in triumph. Amen

KING AND DICTATOR TOO

What Has Happened in Rumania

King Carol of Rumania has made his kingdom a Corporative State on the Italian model, but with this important difference, that he has made himself his own Dictator.

It is said that when the King of Italy dropped a handkerchief and Signor Mussolini, picking it up, asked if he could keep it, the King said that it was the only thing Mussolini had left for him to put his nose into. Not so King Carol.

Threatened by the Fascist organisation known as the Iron Guard, he has quickly shown that he tolerates no dictation but his own. He has pounced on them and arrested them in thousands, including their leader and most of his lieutenants. King Carol has taken complete control of the forces and activities of Rumania, from the Army to the Press.

The land is troubled, for no one knows what will happen next. Rumania was greatly enlarged by the Peace Treaty of 1919 and now includes a great complexity of peoples. Altogether they number about twenty millions. By the Peace Rumania was awarded Transylvania, which was part of Hungary; Bukovina, which was Austrian; and Bessarabia, which was Russian. She has over five million Germans, Hungarians, Bulgars, and Russians within her borders.

The Ridiculous Spectacle of Our Generation

We take this from the recent address of the President of the Institution of Structural Engineers, Professor J. Husband.

I was present at the Doncaster Flying Week in 1909.

Within a short time the conquest of the air became an accomplished fact and was hailed with acclamation throughout the civilised world. To all appearance the human race had been endowed with a new and higher sphere of existence, yet within 30 years the adaptation of aircraft to warfare is already rotting the vitals of civilisation and blunting the finer sensibilities of all cultured peoples.

The nations today profess to be seeking the way to permanent peace. The first and most important step towards the establishment of peaceful security is the universal abolition of aircraft, both military and civilian. We could not abolish the one and retain the other. So long as the facilities exist for the rapid production of unlimited numbers of aircraft the temptation to use them in warfare will always prevail, no matter what solemn agreements or pacts might be entered into between nations.

We are confronted with the supremely ridiculous spectacle of a presumably sane generation, which, having been presented through the well-intentioned action of its scientists with a new and fascinating toy, and that toy having admittedly got out of control, is seriously contemplating a return to a troglodyte existence in which our habitations will no longer be open to the free winds of heaven.

The Bible in the Waiting-Room

In view of the public interest in the fourth centenary of the English Bible the L.N.E.R. has agreed to have one of its waiting-rooms decorated with pictures of Bible subjects.

They have chosen 40 engravings after Giorgione, Titian, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, and other great masters which will be hung in the first instance in the main waiting-room at Lincoln and after a period sent round to other stations.

The Big and Little Arab States

PROTECTING THE PEACE BETWEEN THEM

MYSTERIOUS Arabia figures in the Anglo-Italian Agreement. Britain agrees to respect the independence of the Arab States Saudi-Arabia and the Yemen, the two most important kingdoms of Arabia.

Britain also agrees to maintain the self-government of the three minor Arab States now under her protection, Oman, Koweit, and Hadramaut. Italy, on her part, recognises the British Protectorate of these small Arab States, and agrees not to seek political influences in them.

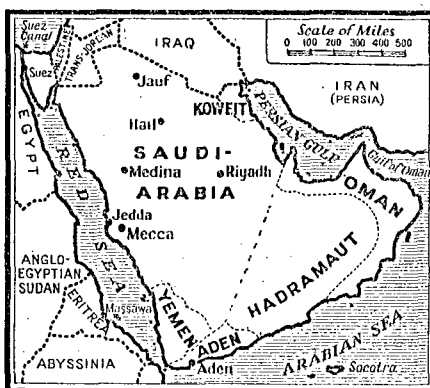
Both nations agree that it is in their common interest that there should be peace between the two main and independent Arab States, Saudi-Arabia and the Yemen, and that if these two States should unhappily go to war they will not interfere.

Few people realise that we extended our Empire in Arabia in 1937 by enlarging our Protectorate in the south, and that Italy now recognises that extension. In return, Britain promises that Italians shall have full liberty to trade in the British Protectorate.

The population of Arabia is uncertain, but it is believed to be about seven millions. Of these the majority are in the kingdoms of Saudi-Arabia and the Yemen which form the greater part of Arabia. The boundaries between the various States are not clear and there is much desert. The Bedouin Arabs are an ancient nomadic people, who in north Arabia breed the lovely and magnificent horses which are the pride of the equine family.

The King of Saudi-Arabia is the famous Ibn Saud, who stands well over six feet and is proud of his race. His kingdom arose out of the Great War, in which he was our friend. It was British assistance, exerted through Colonel Lawrence, that gave Arabia the independence which is now confirmed and safeguarded by Great Britain and Italy.

Yemen, in the south-western corner of Arabia north of Aden, is a small



kingdom; it was lately at war with Ibn Saud, and that is why the Anglo-Italian Agreement refers to possible war between the two main Arab Kingdoms. The ruler of the Yemen is the Imam Yehia.

The strategic importance of Arabia is obvious and important, and that is why Britain and Italy have agreed that the conditions shall not be altered to the disadvantage of either.

Men Like Birds Flying

LAST month Mr J. S. Fox flew in his glider from Huish in Wilts to Fowey in Cornwall, 144 miles.

Other flights will follow. Much longer ones have been made in Russia, where there is no fear that the pilot and his sailplane will plunge into the sea. How is it done?

We remember hearing Lord Rayleigh lecturing on Flight at the Royal Institution a year or two before Wilbur and Orville Wright showed the world how to get an aeroplane to stop up in the air with the help of a motor. Lord Rayleigh proved mathematically that no gliding plane could rise in the air, unless there was something to push it from below. How, then, do these sailing planes piloted by Englishmen, Germans, and Russians get there and stay there, and skim over scores of miles of hill and dale? Everybody knows the answer. Rising currents of air push them up from below and enable the pilot to soar on the wings of the wind.

The modern glider resembles in design the ordinary monoplane without an engine, but has a more streamlined structure. It is launched by catapult or cable or by being towed by an aeroplane. It can fly at very low speeds without stalling and consequently can be landed rather easily.

If it were suspended in the air and allowed to drop it would sink at the rate of about two or three feet a second. That is its sinking speed, and therefore it will stay up, soaring like a hawk, on any uprising current of air whose upward push exceeds this modest value. Professor D. Brunt, lecturing at the Royal Institution, said that the pilot of a soaring sailplane was in the position of an old lady trying to go down the up-escalator at a Tube station, the escalator carrying her upward faster than she can descend the steps.

What the gliders have to do is to find upward air currents which exceed the

sinking speed of the sailplane in still air. There are three kinds. First, when the wind blows against the side of a hill it follows the slope of the ground, and strikes upward. If strong enough it will lift up the sailplane. The air is generally disturbed when the wind blows to about three times the height of the hill. In this ascending current the pilot can get high up by circling.

Long-distance flights cannot be made by hill-soaring alone. The pilot must then rely on another sort of sustaining current. These currents are sometimes in hot weather made visible in samples over heated surfaces. But they occur continually when the air is top-heavy, or in other words when it is some six degrees or more colder at about 1000 feet up than it is on the surface. This often occurs on a hot, sunny day. At such times there are spiral ascents of the air from the heated earth surface, which will push the plane up and support it. The gliding men call them thermals, and they are balanced by descending currents somewhere else. The gliding man has to thread his way among them.

His problem is also to manage the same species of currents which arise when damp air rises to form clouds. He has to find an ascending current to take him up to the bottom of the cumulus clouds, and then roll his way beneath this uneven ceiling, in a way not unlike rolling his way over the ridge of a hill—except that the cloud is a hill turned upside down.

When clouds and damp air are not available the sailplaner must spy out the land below to find surfaces from which hot air is rising. During a flight in South Africa Mr Philip Wills found that this sort of current was astonishingly vigorous, one carrying him up 5400 feet in seven minutes.

He shared his thermals with the vultures, who flew in formation with him knowing all about the ascending currents.

BIRMINGHAM'S PAGEANT

From the Dinosaur to the Premier

This year Manchester and Birmingham will carry on the Pageantry which began last year with the Coronation.

When the King and Queen go to Birmingham in July the pageant of the city's history will be spread before them by 8000 Birmingham men, women, and children. The tale will go back more years than there are performers because it will be begun by the appearance in the arena of modern replicas of the prehistoric monsters 40 feet long and 15 feet high which may be supposed to have roamed Warwickshire long before the Ice Ages. They are to be a moving sight. In the C.N. for April 16 it was incorrectly stated that these monsters would be visiting Manchester.

The Town's First Charter

The occasion giving rise to the pageant is of less remote antiquity than the Dinosaurs. It goes back no farther than the year 1838 when Birmingham was granted its charter of incorporation, just in time for the coming of Joseph Chamberlain who was then two years old.

But Birmingham's pageant will not be content to survey only the last 100 years in written English history. It will recall, in a gaily adorned and historically accurate scene, the granting of Birmingham's first Charter as a market town by Henry the Second (who could read and write) just 100 years after William the Norman had overthrown Harold the Saxon at Hastings.

Then it will show William de Bermingham riding away with his knights and squires to go to the Crusades with Richard Lionheart in 1192. A fierce battle of Crecy, where many Birmingham knights fought and triumphed or fell, will follow, and then comes the less glorious age of the Stuarts.

A Memorable May Day

The pageant is to be staged in the grounds of Aston Hall which Charles Stuart visited while he was still king; and the siege of the Hall in the war between King and Commonwealth will follow. The scene changes again to the May Day Fair of 1660, when the news came that Charles the Second was back in England and restored to the Throne.

After that history passed Birmingham by till there were riots at the end of the 18th century, in one of which the mob burnt down the house of Joseph Priestley, a Nonconformist minister, and a chemist who won enduring fame by his discovery of oxygen. The mob knew nothing of oxygen but disliked Priestley's Nonconformist opinions and so drove him out of England to America.

An epilogue will show in procession every outstanding Birmingham man, Baskerville the printer, Murdock who found that coal gas would light the streets and houses, Boulton and Watt who developed the steam engine, the saintly Cardinal Newman, and last, but not least—Joseph Chamberlain, who made the Empire popular.

A Fishing Town Has a New Motto

The town councillors of the fishing town of Crail have been putting on their thinking caps, but the wisest of them could not think of a suitable new motto for the town.

"The motto will stand for all time, so it is important that it should be something the town can live up to," the Town Clerk said.

Then to the rescue came Professor J. H. Baxter, of St Andrew's University, with *At Thy word I will let down the net*. It pleased all and was adopted.

JACK AND HIS BOOKS

WE have all heard how all work and no play made Jack a dull boy, but there are other things to remember about Jack, and we are grateful to that fine poet Mr Walter De La Mare for showing us that Jack may love books and yet enjoy

What pleases any other boy.

Mr De La Mare has written poems to go with some perfectly lovely pictures in the very special book we have already noticed in the C N, and the book (This Year: Next Year) is one which bachelor uncles might give to their nephews and nieces; but we must warn those uncles not to keep it to themselves, as they will be tempted to do.

Marvellous Company

One poem called Books tells how the boy Jack found marvellous company in books. He loved that other Jack the Giant-killer; and Dick Whittington, and Gulliver, and Sindbad, and Crusoe. He loved poetry, and even rhymed himself in dreams at night. He read, and read, and read; and therefore one might suppose he became a dull boy:

*Never believe it! What Jack read.
Refreshed his senses, heart, and head.
Words were to him not merely words,
Their sound rang sweet as bells or birds:
Nor could he tell, by any test,
Whether he loved (he once confessed)
Their music, or their meaning, best.*

But Jack, his books laid aside, rushed out into the country, "as glad and merry as a grig." And if he loved books, and hedgerows and clouds and birds no less, why, as Mr De La Mare says,

There's not much harm in printer's ink.

The poet does well to tell Jack that there is no need for him to choose between being what schoolboys call a swat and a sport. He need not choose

between books and football; he can have both. In fact, if he is to live a full life he must have both. All play and no books make Jack rather a useless and a very dull boy. And books are not simply for lessons and examinations.

Sometimes, in a school or outside, the fashion is followed that books are things for which there is no use except in lessons. Boys, and even girls, may be despised if they are seen to like reading. They are considered bookworms, or swats, or whatever is the latest term of contempt. But all that is very foolish.

The best answer is to set a better fashion. The best thing to do with bad fashions is to laugh at them. Very often a school is only waiting for someone to begin doing what most of the others wanted to do all the time. In any case Jack would be very foolish if he gave up his love of books simply because it was not the thing to read out of school hours; and he will not play games with any less energy and enjoyment after he has shut his books. *Both must be his motto.*

Making Friends

Jack will make friends at school and everywhere he goes; but he will find as the years pass that in the books he read he made other friends. We remember how another poet, Southey, wrote lines on a library in which he said of books:

*My never-failing friends are they
With whom I sojourn day by day.*

That is what Jack will find if he makes up his mind not to choose between books and play but to have both. Thank you, Mr De La Mare; we have long loved your Peacock Pie and Crossings, and other lovely books. It is rather a special day when you give us another; and thank you for your poem on Books and for your picture of the real Jack.

Museum in Rotterdam for £62,000 and will be on view there for the first time in June this year.

Vermeer himself, the painter of this picture worth a fortune, died in great poverty at Delft, his native town, leaving behind a wife who had to pawn two pictures with the baker to get bread for her eight children.

In the National Gallery of Scotland is one of Vermeer's masterpieces, Christ with Mary and Martha, which was found in a house in Bristol and sold to a local art dealer for only £100, being today worth a king's ransom. Visitors to the National Gallery in London may see yet another masterpiece by this artist, called Young Lady at the Virginals, which was bought by the Gallery for only £2400 nearly half a century ago.

The Masterpiece in the Linen Cupboard

AN almost unknown painting has lately come to light by Jan Vermeer, the 17th century Dutch painter famous for his wonderful colouring.

It is his Christ at Emmaus that has now been found, and it is remarkable that it has been owned by the same Dutch family for 260 years. Fifty years ago it was known to be in the country house of the family near Delft, and then, when its owner married a Frenchwoman, the picture came to Paris, where it was found half-concealed in a linen cupboard in a flat. When the painting was cleaned the painter's signature was seen and a Dutch art expert declared it to be a beautiful specimen of Vermeer's work. It is 3 feet 8 by 3 feet and in excellent condition, the colours being wonderful. It has been bought by the Boymans

Life-Blood Ready When Wanted

ONE of the wonders of modern surgery is the ability our doctors have of saving life by making blood transfusions.

A patient for whose life there might otherwise be little or no hope can be restored to health if someone will sacrifice a pint of blood.

Wonderful it is that when the call is made a donor is never lacking; but there are difficulties. Precious hours may be lost in securing the blood, and not everyone's blood will serve.

It is good news that research has now been made with considerable success

into the question of storing human blood. Although supplies have so far been available, it has long been felt that if hospitals could keep a supply of blood for emergency this would be a great blessing to suffering humanity.

The Sheffield hospitals have now found a way of keeping blood at a temperature a degree or two above freezing point, and afterwards raising the temperature to body-heat, and in this way immediate supplies of blood will be ready whenever a transfusion is called for.

Climbing Up Mount

One more attempt is being made to climb Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,002 feet high. The climbing party this time is made up of seven men, all except one having had previous experience of Everest. The six old Everest men are Mr W. H. Tilman; the leader, Mr N. E. Odell, Mr F. S. Smythe, Mr E. E. Shipton, Captain P. R. Oliver, and Dr C. B. M. Warren; and the seventh is Mr Peter Lloyd, an experienced climber of the Alps and the Himalayas.

THERE have been six expeditions so far, two of them merely explorations, not for the purpose of climbing the mountain. Before 1921 the right approach to Everest was not even known, no European having been nearer to it than 40 miles.



Mr W. H. Tilman

The chief problem confronting the climbers, as proved by the previous expeditions, is the fact that very little time is given in which climbing on the mountain is possible. This time occurs between the end of the spring, when cold north-west winds are constantly blowing, and the beginning of the monsoon, the bad weather period when warmer air arrives from the plains of India, bringing to the Himalayas heavy falls of snow.

The reason why Everest cannot be climbed at other times is this: the formation of the rock slabs on the upper part of the mountain is such that when any snow covers them (and the snow at these altitudes is like castor sugar and not the firm stuff met with in Switzerland) no grip can be obtained by the climbers on the rocks.

The Difficult Climb Across the Vast North Face

THESE rocks unfortunately shelve outwards, like tiles on a roof, and there are no projecting rocks around which to throw a rope, so each climber has to climb alone across the vast North Face, and a slip would mean a fall of about 8000 feet to the Rongbuk Glacier.

Early in the spring in a normal year, north-west gales blow with hurricane force and all the loose powdery snow is swept from the North Face, leaving the rocks clear and dry. This is the climber's chance.

The problem is to get a really fit party at the Camp on the crest of what is called the North Col when this favourable condition occurs; then the assaults on the summit can be launched without delay.

Acclimatisation, or getting used to the lack of enough oxygen in the air at high altitudes, is obtained by going gradually higher and higher, but deterioration, or getting stale, sets in when men have been too long high up on Everest. To endeavour to climb Everest while the gales are blowing,

when the mountain would be fairly free from snow, would be almost impossible owing to the extreme cold and the possibility of the climbers being blown from their foothold.

There is a lull between these violent gales and the approach of the monsoon, a temporary battle taking place, as it were, between these two forces of nature when neither side wins, and there is comparative calm on the mountain, and sunny windless days occur. This is the climbers' opportunity, but unfortunately, as yet no reliable forecasts can be made as to when the monsoon will arrive from the Bay of Bengal, travel to the Himalayas, and spoil the chance of climbing the mountain.

Long Months of Preparation Before Leaving England

ALL the expeditions so far have found that the monsoon arrives at different times, varying from the last week in May (in 1936) to the first week in July (in 1921).

The North Col is considered by the expedition to be where the climbing of the mountain really starts, a col in mountaineering language being a ridge or link connecting parts of mountains together. There are, however, many difficulties to be overcome before Camp Four on the North Col can be established.

Before even Darjeeling, the starting-point in India, can be left behind, months of preparation in England with the selection of suitable climbers, ordering and packing equipment and food, arranging for the employment of porters to carry the loads on arrival at the foot of Everest—all has to be gone into most carefully before the expedition leaves England.

At Darjeeling, then, 7000 feet high on the foothills of the Himalayas, the expedition assembles and prepares for the long march of nearly 300 miles to the mountain on the borders of Nepal and Tibet. To approach by way of Nepal is forbidden, but special permission has been granted again for the expedition to travel through Tibet, also normally a country closed to visitors.

The Great Windswept Tableland of Tibet

THE way from Darjeeling lies northwards through the densely wooded and flowered valleys of Sikkim until, by gaining height all the time, the borders of Tibet are reached—the great windswept tableland where distances are so deceptive owing to the clearness of the atmosphere. Here the woolly yak is used to transport the loads across the many miles of the Tibetan plateau.

Soon after entering Tibet a westerly direction is taken until the expedition arrives at a place called Shekar Dzong, when it travels almost due south to Everest. Rongbuk is at last

Everest, Majestic Mother of the Snows

reached after a march from Darjeeling lasting nearly a month, and the expedition is then only 17 miles from its goal. There is a monastery here and the Lamas (Tibetan monks) have always been very friendly.

Rongbuk is about five miles from the snout of the Rongbuk Glacier which flows down from Everest herself. Close to this snout, at about 16,000 feet, the Base Camp is pitched and the climbers are thus about 12 miles from the mountain. The Base Camp is not shown in our drawing, but its position is just beyond the bottom left-hand corner.

The route from the Base Camp follows the moraine of the Rongbuk Glacier until the small entrance to the East Rongbuk Glacier is reached. The party then turns left up this smaller glacier to establish Camp One on the right bank at about 17,800 feet. This camp in 1936 became the real Base Camp.

Camp Two is to be found higher up the glacier on the left bank. Loads are carried up by the willing porters to whom the climbers owe so much, and the camps are stocked for certain numbers of men.

Camp Three is placed farther up the glacier as it bends round to Everest and is within sight of the North Col. It was near Camp Three that Maurice Wilson's body was found, about whom we have read recently in the C.N. From the Base Camp to Camp Three very little trouble is usually experienced. Huge seracs or ice pinnacles form on the surface of the glacier between Camps One and Two and a way has to be found between them.

However, after Camp Three, a very little distance ahead, is the North Col, which is in reality an almost vertical glacier about 1200 feet high, one vast mass of snow and ice broken into great crevasses, and therefore forming a very severe obstacle to the porters. Real snow and ice work is now the lot of the climbers in forcing a way up this gigantic wall.

As it is really a glacier, and therefore always on the move, no two expeditions have ever found it in the same condition, and new routes have to be made, and great stretches of it made safe for laden porters by means of fixed ropes every time an expedition goes to Everest.

When once the warm air of the monsoon winds reach the Col the snow on the slopes becomes very treacherous and liable to avalanche, and then it is left severely alone. In 1922 seven porters lost their lives through being overwhelmed by an avalanche, and several narrow escapes have occurred here since.

When Camp Four at about 23,000 feet is established on or near the crest of the North Col much has been done, but the real climbing of the mountain now starts, as you will appreciate from the drawing.

It is possible this year that an alternative route to the North Col may be attempted, up the west side of the Col from the main Rongbuk Glacier itself. This side will not be so liable to avalanche in bad weather and may form a useful means of escape for returning climbers, should monsoon conditions set in while they are high up on the mountain.

From Camp Four, then, assaults on the summit can be made, provided the climbers are lucky with the weather and the great North Face is almost free from snow. Porters with tents and food set off with the climbers and ascend the ridge leading to the North East shoulder. Altitude is beginning to tell now and progress is slow, but Camp Five at 25,700 feet should be made without much difficulty.

In 1933 Camp Six, at 27,400 feet, was established on the North Face as shown on the drawing, and it is from here that the final attempts to reach the summit have set out. Another Camp nearer the summit would be a great advantage, but it is extremely difficult to find a shelf flat enough, or big enough, to accommodate the tent at the height desired.

Two climbers occupy the tiny tent at Camp Six and the porters have gone down, while two more climbers are at Camp Five ready to help the first party and to take their places if they should fail.

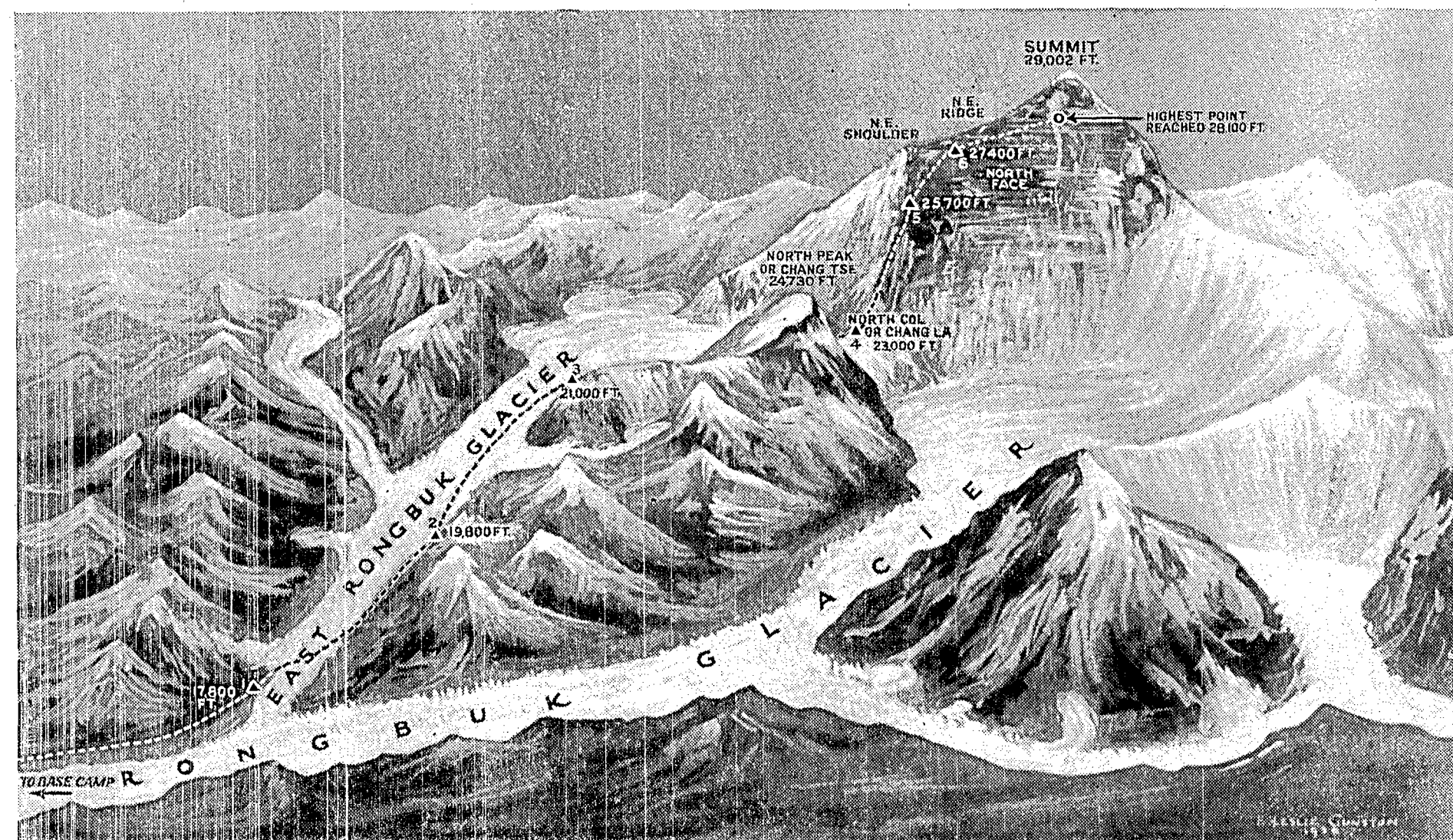
The route from Camp Six is right across the slabs of the North Face below the North East ridge until the Great Couloir or gully is reached. Struggling through the soft snow of the couloir, the climbers reach the other side at a height of about 28,100 feet, where they are confronted with a huge buttress which forms the far side of the couloir. Unfortunately, no climber has ever been able to go beyond this point, either owing to exhaustion, lack of time to get back safely (a most vital point), or the presence of loose snow on the rocks which renders them unclimbable.

It appears that the rocks above, and the final pyramid to the summit, are not unclimbable, but they will be very difficult and will tax the climbers' strength to the uttermost, weakened as they are by the strain of climbing in air devoid of enough oxygen, so that three or four gasping breaths are necessary for every step that is taken upwards.

Progress will be slow, and it is thought that as long as sixteen hours will be necessary to climb from the present Camp Six to the summit and back again. It would be certain death for any climber to be caught at these heights at night without the protection of the little tent and his sleeping bag, owing to the intense cold.

It is possible that oxygen will be carried on this last 1000 feet to aid the climber, but opinions vary as to whether it would be advisable, as the extra weight and liability for his balance to be upset by the necessary cylinders might outweigh any advantages obtained by their use. Also sudden failure of the oxygen would be disastrous. It may be found impossible for a climber to get to the summit without oxygen, as no man has ever been higher than 28,100 feet on a mountain, and there may be a limit to the height human beings can go before they lose consciousness. It will be a very fine thing if the top can be reached without artificial aids.

Let us hope the present expedition will be lucky with the weather, and that this year some of them will be able to stand for the first time on the Roof of the World, the Summit of Everest, Mother of the Snows.



The way the Everest men will go—a picture-diagram showing the probable positions of the six camps on the difficult climb to the summit

HELIUM FOR 100 AIRSHIPS But Not For War

America has refused to supply Germany with helium for the new Zeppelin LZ130.

It is believed that the amount required would be of military importance and an Act of Congress says that helium may be sold only for commercial purposes. Helium, which is a little heavier than hydrogen, is absolutely non-flammable, whereas mixtures of even small quantities of hydrogen with air are terribly explosive. The natural gas of Cliffside, Texas, yields rather less than two per cent of helium, which twenty years ago cost £400 a cubic foot. It is extracted by the United States Bureau of Mines.

Such immense quantities of lifting gas are needed for a giant airship that some anxiety has been felt about future supplies. It is satisfactory to know that a recent estimate of the quantity of helium available in the present vicinity is about 1800 million cubic feet, enough to fill a hundred airships of the big Zeppelin type. In addition to this the United States Government is acquiring new helium-producing fields in both Kansas and Colorado.

Lifting power is not the only useful property of helium gas. It is being used with considerable success for the relief of asthma and diseases of the lungs, and is of special value in relieving the painful effects often experienced by divers when coming up from the depths.

Tommy's Grouse

Mr Atkins has joined the Army. What, Tommy Atkins? No; his name is E. H. Atkins, and he has a comrade in Mr Byford.

These two experts are going to try to stop a grouse by putting variety on the soldier's menu.

If we listened to this grouse we should believe that the £4,000,000 spent by the Army on rations is just wasted, but now things will be different. Mr Byford goes to the War Office as Chief Inspector of Army catering. Mr Atkins goes to Aldershot as chief instructor of the Army School of Cookery. The first thing they are doing is to begin refresher courses for sergeant and corporal cooks; and these cooks will teach all the other cooks how to make mealtime exciting.

These two experts will have the help of Sir Isidore Salmon, and what he does not know about dinners, they say, is not worth knowing.

The Sacred Sceptre

A temple to Vulcan, the god of fire, once stood on Farley Heath in Surrey, and a sacred sceptre at the British Museum is once more on view to tell the tale.

It was found unexpectedly in the museum's lumber room two years ago, and no one knew by whom it had been presented or where it came from. Then Mr Goodchild of Guildford discovered a drawing in a library at Oxford, and it has turned out to be a sketch of the priestly sceptre, made by Martin Tupper, who excavated Farley Heath in the middle of last century. The sceptre is of copper, and bears a picture of Vulcan and several signs which it is still hoped to decipher.

A fragment of the temple is still to be seen, but it was never part of an ordinary town, as has often been stated. It was a sacred settlement on a lonely road from Rowhook to Walton-on-Thames, and up to now the name of the god who called it into being had not been known.

Great War Casualty

When Police-Sergeant Bullimore, of Horncastle, went to have what he thought was a fishbone removed from his throat he was both pleased and surprised to see a piece of shrapnel extracted from a wound received in 1917.

The Kingdom of King Zog

No country in Europe could show such a sight as Tirana, the capital of Albania, at the wedding of King Zog to his bride, Countess Geraldine Apponyi.

It might be compared to a page of history spread out, with all the characters gaily painted in the fashions of a thousand yesterdays, and in the dresses of half a dozen different races. The royal marriage sets the seal on Albania as a kingdom. For centuries it was a gathering-place of the tribes.

Albania has now become a country of the all-embracing West, with a seat at the League of Nations. But almost till twenty years ago it was the farthest outpost in the Mediterranean of the Middle East, where people who were there before Rome was built had fought to keep their footing against invaders from the North.

They kept it long and well, and their stone forts and palaces in the hills, like those the Greeks built at Mycenae, are there still to tell the tale. It was ended by Greek colonist and Illyrian invader absorbing one another. The Albanians today are the descendants of the union.

But that brief statement gives a very imperfect picture of the races and religious mingling in the rugged Highlands and the less inclement Lowlands of this independent land. Its Highlands are like those of Scotland on a larger scale, and not so long ago we might have said that its chieftains and clansmen were as irrepressible as the Scottish Highlanders in the 18th century, before General Wade drove his military roads through their glens.

These descendants of Celts and Illyrians have survived the successive invasion and rule of Romans, Bulgars, Serbs, and Turks, and are Albanians still. No conqueror has succeeded in absorbing them. Early in their history they formed two groups under separate Princes, and these can still be traced in the Gheds of the north and the Tosks

of the south. The Gheds, living in a far more rugged region, still rule themselves by ancient laws and customs handed down by elders of the tribe.

The Great War swept over the mountains and left a starving peasantry, instead of a well-to-do primitive people; but now the burnt villages have been rebuilt, flocks are again in the rich mountain pastures, and the tribesmen are once more coming into the marketplace at Scutari to sell their livestock, cheese, and poultry.

The townsman throughout Albania leads a very different life from the mountain farmer. He is a skilled craftsman: a weaver, and a worker in gold and silver wire; and his craft is reflected in the splendid dress every Albanian delights to wear on ceremonial occasions.

What first strikes a visitor to Albania is the mingling of Christians and Moslems. Church and mosque stand side by side. The Turks conquered Albania five centuries ago, and though the Albanians for years besought the help of Christian Europe none came, so that Islam had spread over the country by the end of the 18th century. King Zog, who before he was proclaimed king ten years ago was Ahmed Bey Zogu, hereditary chieftain of the Mati clan, is a Moslem, and more than 20,000 Moslems would meet to attend his wedding at Tirana.

The Moslems outnumber the Christians by more than two to one, but the Albanians put race before religion, and both religions united to struggle against the Turks for the independence that at last they won. It has always been so among them.

They were long refused schools, sometimes imprisoned for printing books in their own language, or for teaching it; but the indomitable Albanian has survived it all, and today his country, in some ways the oldest, has now become the youngest kingdom in Europe. Here indeed East and West have met.

The Story Hidden in a £5 Note

THE King and Queen have been visiting Lord Portal at the paper mill where paper for Bank of England notes is made; it is at Laverstoke in Hampshire, and the story of its great privilege is of much interest.

The romance of the Portals began in dire tragedy when, early in the 18th century, Louis the Fourteenth revoked the Edict of Nantes and exposed French Protestants to persecution and murder. Jean Francois Portal, a lawyer of Poitiers, with his wife and their eldest son were slain in their home by soldiers, but several other children concealed themselves in a huge oven in the yard, and lay there hidden for 48 hours.

Released at last, they escaped to Bordeaux, where Henri Portal and his brother Guillaume, helped by Huguenot sympathisers, were hidden in empty wine casks and shipped to Holland.

The Milk Tub at the Grocer's

PERHAPS you have noticed a box at the grocer's with a yellow poster on it reading MILK TUB, and have wondered what it was there for.

There are already 1500 of them in England, and there will soon, we hope, be many more. They are installed by the International Voluntary Service for Peace to collect tins of milk to send to the starving children of Spain.

The free use of a lorry and driver has been offered the I.V.S.P. to collect the tins of milk from central depots.

The milk tubs are a silent appeal to the nation's shoppers to think of others worse off than themselves. It can easily be done. There are many internal adjustments that can be made in a weekly shopping list that will enable a tin of

milk to be added without much loss. Of the need for this practical form of aid an American eye-witness writes from Spain: "How many children can be taken away from under these screaming shells depends on one thing—food! The National Council of Evacuated Children has been formed to bring together all the various phases of the work. They work night and day to build more colonies and to get more children out of danger; but the question is food, food—food that just doesn't exist in Loyalist Spain today. When you see a dog in the streets you see a thin one."

Henri Portal prospered greatly and lived till 1747. He lies at Whitechurch. In 1752 the Laverstoke estate was bought by his grandson Joseph, and has gradually become one of the famous homes of England.

Henri Portal prospered greatly and lived till 1747. He lies at Whitechurch. In 1752 the Laverstoke estate was bought by his grandson Joseph, and has gradually become one of the famous homes of England.

The I.V.S.P. reminds us that the end of the Civil War will not be the end of the need. Laundry soap and clothing are also required.

100 YEARS AGO A Centenary the Maoris are Keeping

GOOD SAMUEL MARSDEN

Every New Zealand schoolboy can tell us that Samuel Marsden, who died a hundred years ago this month, was the first missionary to take Christianity to the brown-skinned Maoris of New Zealand.

He was a Church of England clergyman in the little colony of New South Wales when he set out in the year before Waterloo on his first voyage to New Zealand. On Christmas Day in 1814 he landed at the Bay of Islands, near the extreme north of New Zealand, and gave his first message to the Maoris.

When he died at Sydney in May 1838 the good work he had started had progressed so well that many mission stations had been established and many of the Maoris had forsaken their heathen ways and become Christians. Nowadays the Maoris (about 75,000 of them) live on equal terms with the people of the British race. There is even a Maori bishop, the Bishop of Aotearoa (the Maori name for New Zealand), and scores of Maori clergymen. Four Maori members sit in the New Zealand Parliament.

The Bishop of Aotearoa has been invited by the Archbishop of Sydney to take part in the ceremonies at Sydney this month commemorating the 100th anniversary of the death of Samuel Marsden.

A Sad Visit

If Samuel Marsden were living today he would be well pleased with the way his Maori friends have progressed in a hundred years. His last visit to New Zealand in 1837 was a sad one, for the Maori tribes had been engaged in tribal wars, using the muskets and powder that they had secured from white traders. That was three years before the coming of Captain William Hobson in 1840 to proclaim New Zealand part of the Empire.

How fearless and devout Samuel Marsden was may be realised when it is recalled that when he paid his last visit to New Zealand in 1837 he was so frail that the Maori people made a litter on which they carried him from place to place. He was thus able to see and say farewell to the Maoris he had learned to love. He commanded the affection and respect of the Maori people in those early days when many of them had not yet given up their cannibal ways. He went among the warring tribes, quite alone, and with no weapons. He was never molested. The Maoris called him Father. Soon after his return to Sydney, at the end of 1837, this grand old missionary died peacefully.

Maoris and the Church

Like Samuel Marsden, the Bishop of Aotearoa is doing good work among the Maoris. He is delighted to notice that the Maoris of today are showing a deep interest in things spiritual. A pleasing feature of the work of the Church is the progress of the Mothers Union, which has 30 branches with a total membership of over 300 Maori mothers. At present five young Maori men are training for the Ministry, and five more are preparing themselves for similar training.

So the good work Samuel Marsden began on Christmas Day 1814, and left uncompleted just 100 years ago, is in good hands. The work of the Church among the Maoris goes on from strength to strength, from victory to victory.

Dear Canberra

The price of food in Canberra is said to be the highest in Australia. Carrots often cost threepence, lettuces a shilling, and beans tenpence a pound, while cauliflowers are from 1s 6d to 2s.

THE APPROACH OF GALE'S COMET

From Where Do Such Visitors Come?

By the C.N. Astronomer

If the old belief that comets brought wars and disaster had any foundation our world should at present be remarkably free from trouble; for comets are unusually scarce just now. However, astronomers are expecting a comet to appear very soon.

This is Gale's Comet 1927f, the sixth discovered in that year. As calculations show that it should return at intervals of about 10½ years from a region near the orbit of Saturn, this comet is now due and should be approaching from the direction of Aquarius, a part of the heavens now to be seen only in the early-morning hours. Gale's Comet is not likely to be a naked-eye spectacle, though it may be visible through glasses.

Three Theories

One of the most fascinating problems in astronomy is the origin of comets, involving as it does the origin of meteors. There are three theories, each based on many known facts and also involving some very attractive speculations which extend far into both space and time. These theories are:

1. Comets come from far beyond the Solar System, travelling from star to star before they become "captured" by some planetary attraction and so remain permanent members of the Solar System.

2. They are the product of the residue of material left over in the Solar System after the planets were formed long ages ago and gradually being swept up by them in the form of meteoric matter.

3. They are the result of terrific eruptions on the Sun, and in some cases on the planets, in the distant past when they were little "companion" suns and subject periodically to most violent outbursts.

Comets are at present the hieroglyphics of astronomy, products of a distant past which, when understood, may be found to link the present with the far-off in both time and space.

Visitors From the Sun

They take us far beyond the known limits of our Solar System, while they bring, in the form of meteors, a constant supply of elements to our Earth from those distant regions of time and space, or from our Sun of a hundred million years ago. They might even have been blown from the great worlds of Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, or indeed any of the planets, in some of the many terrific eruptions which must have taken place when these bodies were seething furnaces and their only safety valves were eruptive vents, such as can still be seen on the Sun.

The comets may, on the other hand, have been so emitted by far-distant stars thousands of millions of years ago and may also have collected some of that rarefied cosmic matter known to exist over the vast areas of inter-stellar space. Thereby they added to the matter of their cometary heads the enormous trail of meteoric pilules we are so familiar with as "shooting stars." A meteor the size of a grain of sand might well be thus formed in the course of a million-year passage through space, or in the course of repeated journeys to outlying regions beyond the Solar System.

From any of these sources the meteorites that fall on our Earth may have originated. G. F. M.

An Eye For An Eye

Two sailors are lying in the Naval Hospital at San Diego in California, one with an eye the other has lost. Oran Scholfield had to lose his eye, and Stephen Dwyer needed a new cornea, so two clever surgeons operated on the failing eye, grafting its healthy cornea into the eye which needed the addition.

HOUSES

THERE are houses everywhere. There are gaunt houses in drab streets, dignified Georgian and Victorian houses, ugly old houses which ought to come down, unpretentious houses which stand firm against every wind that blows, modern houses of striking design.

Some of the stately homes of England are among the dearest buildings we possess. They have stood for centuries, their walls drenched with the sunshine and rain of changing years. Some are of stone, some of warm red brick, some of black and white timbers with many gables and diamond-paned windows. Within are treasures long prized, heirlooms which are a proud inheritance. There are magnificent old oak stairs, finely carved mantelpieces and panels and beams, rafters blackened by the smoke of centuries, fragments of old glass, panelled rooms and rich balustrades and immense chimneys.

Cottage and Palace

Who does not love many of our small houses, our cottages which we should do all we can to preserve, some thatched, with white walls and humble doors?

How many houses there are when we come to think of them. There are farm-houses tucked away in a fold of the hills, with contented folk moving about their spacious rooms, and peace within their walls. There are one-roomed houses, and houses with more rooms than the owner knows what to do with, for palaces are only houses grown to giant size, and for all the grandeur of Buckingham Palace and all the mellowed pride of Hampton Court these are only houses.

Some houses float on quiet waters, like the houseboats we see on the Norfolk Broads. There are lighthouses throwing their warning beams far across the sea; and there are lodges and toll-houses and log-cabins and Swiss chalets. The Eskimos live for part of the year in snow houses, or igloos. In some tropical countries are tree houses, perched high among the branches. In Burma the houses have walls of mats swaying in the breeze. In the East are houses with flat roofs. Wigwams are another kind of house, and so are caravans.

Precious Memories

Apart from our beloved fairy houses, the sugar-candy house, the house that Jack built, and the home of the old woman who lived in a shoe, there are hundreds of houses worth more to us than the cost of their bricks and mortar, precious for the memories they enshrine.

A house in Chelsea and another in Ecclefechan in Scotland are places of pilgrimage, not because they have any outstanding beauty, but because Carlyle lived in them. A cottage in Lakeland is full of charm because Wordsworth wrote many of his poems there. These proud houses speak to us of their owners; and in much the same way the humble parsonage at Ilworth in Yorkshire is eloquent of the immortal Brontës, and a little timbered house at Stratford-on-Avon of Shakespeare.

Beyond our own lands are houses which have stood in the glare of the sun of Egypt and Mesopotamia for scores of centuries, houses twice as old as the ruined Roman villas which come to light in Little Treasure Island. They remind us that for thousands of years men have lived in houses; indeed civilisation may be said to have begun with the building of the first houses, for only then did man begin to settle down into communities.

150 Places in Cheshire

Cheshire: The Romantic North-West. King's England Series. Hodder and Stoughton, 7s 6d.

This handsome volume, the twelfth in the series, tells us about 150 places, all of which have been visited, as well as about thousands of treasures which have been noted, many of them for the first time.

All who love Cheshire will be proud of this book, a glowing tribute to the little county so long famous for its green pastures. Nothing has been missed. Runcorn and Crewe, Stalybridge and Congleton and Northwich are given a place here as if they had all the charm of old Tarporley or Gawsworth. We are taken up Alderley Edge. We are guided to old Parkgate by the estuary of the Dee. We see all the bustle and stir of Birkenhead and Stockport and Hyde; and have peeps of lonely Lower Peover, and still more lonely Shocklack, where we may stand by the church and see not a sign of habitation.

We read of the old timbered halls in the county, of the Rows in Chester, of the stately homes, of castles beautiful in ruin, of the priceless possessions to be seen by all at Port Sunlight; of the ancient crosses at Sandbach, High Lea, Prestbury, and elsewhere; of the meres and woods; and of churches with rare sights inside and out.

Pictures in the Windows

We meet Alice in Wonderland together with the Mad Hatter, the White Rabbit, and the Cheshire Cat (quite at home in this county), all in the window of Daresbury Church. We meet George Mallory of Everest fame when we come to Mobberley, for his portrait is in a window showing the white peaks of the Himalayas. The Little Man carved on the Dean's stall in Chester Cathedral; a rubbing-stone for asses at Bebbington; a girl with a wreath at Tarporley, a very charming bit of carving; the lovely Norman chapel at Prestbury; the astonishing pardon brass at Macclesfield, are some of the wonderful things mentioned.

There are thrilling tales too, for we read of the stirring days of Charles Stuart, of the romantic career of William Lever, of the World Jamboree of 30,000 Scouts, and of the extraordinary story of a Macclesfield boy who almost prevented the Victorian Era coming into existence.

People and places, natural beauty and treasures old and new, wood and glass and metal and stone, trees and gardens, museum treasures and tender memories, all these have their place in this Book of Cheshire, the latest volume of the new Domesday Book of 10,000 villages and towns. H. L. G.

The Old Lady Young

An Australian boy coming to London through Budapest found there a C.N. with the story of an old lady and her tricycle chair, and he sends us word of another old lady who has just kept her 93rd birthday and still rides a tricycle.

She is Miss Phoebe Stanton, who lives near Adelaide in South Australia, and we like the little picture we are given of her pedalling gaily down the tram-line while the driver of the tram was violently ringing the bell behind her. As Miss Stanton is a little deaf it was not until someone caught her up that she realised she was holding up Australia.

The Child and the Celluloid Comb

Little Elizabeth Tavendale of Motherwell has been received into Glasgow Sick Children's Hospital.

She is two years old and was playing with a hair comb near the gas cooker in her home when the comb, made of celluloid, burst into flame and burned her about the face and hands. She was removed to the hospital with serious injuries.

THE TERROR OF THE BIG WHEEL

Getting on the Penny-Farthing

Writers with long memories have once again been recalling their feats on the old bicycle, the high machine with solid tyres from whose saddle they surveyed the world in triumph before pneumatic tyres and the safety bicycle were dreamed of.

It has come as a surprise to modern readers to learn that the old Penny-Farthings were in their day the fastest man-propelled mechanisms in the world. They outpaced the swiftest horse; they could give a start and a beating to the most persistent dog; and they set up their records on roads which, when not cobbled, were more often than not inches deep in mud or dust.

Mechanical Giraffes

One of the men writing on the subject tells how recently he came across one of these old machines, tried to mount it, failed in fear, and is left wondering how men ever did get on to the saddles of these mechanical giraffes.

One of our own readers, who when a boy bought for half-a-crown a discarded masterpiece of the old order, tells us how the alarming feat was performed.

The distance between the saddle and the ground could be well over five feet, and to get into that saddle was an ordeal comparable with that of mounting a 15-hands horse without the aid of stirrups. Projecting from the left side of the backbone, a few inches above the hind wheel, was a little iron step—toothed to afford a grip. On this the rider placed the inner side of the left foot, and then, taking a firm grip on the handle-bars (a mighty stretch) he kicked himself along with the right foot on the ground.

Pity the Poor Learner!

Next, the machine having in this way received a sufficient impetus to run a little way, the cyclist hooked the inner side of the right knee on to the right side of the ridge at the back of the saddle, and, relying on the gripping power of only an inch or so of muscle, pulled his body up and, by what now seems the very wizardry of balancing, landed bodily in the saddle, settled his feet on the pedals, and began his journey.

To a learner that scuffle up the backbone into the saddle was, with perhaps one exception, the most terrifying in his life. The worst of all was the choice of moment and position on the road when he had to stand on the descending left pedal, and use that for support while he raised himself out of the saddle, swung his right leg behind the backbone, and touched ground with his right foot.

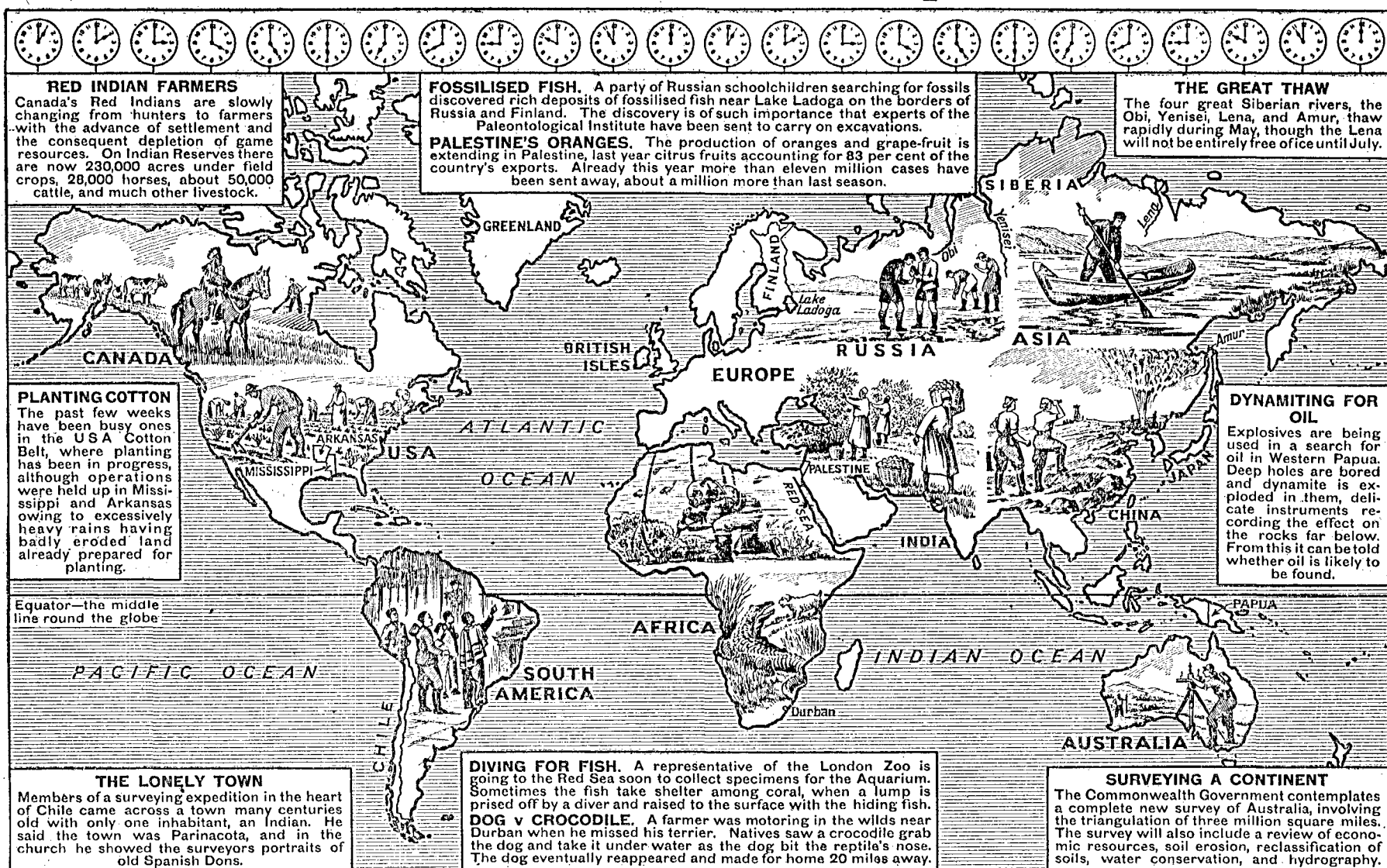
There was always the chance of being shot over the handlebars, and (in descending) of the back wheel rising into the air and knocking the rider on the head. The first man to attempt the mastery of one of those old machines deserves to rank with the most valiant of that illustrious company of unknown and unsung heroes.

The Bread Men

Now that we have nearly all ceased to make bread at home, so that few know what home-made bread is like, we are under great debt to the army of workers who supply us so regularly and unfailingly with our daily loaf.

A committee that examined the subject felt unable to recommend the abolition of night baking, but the Ministry of Labour will fix special rates for night work, and over 100,000 workers in 24,000 bakehouses will be covered by the new rate.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



A GOLD MEDAL FOR HIS HOBBY

Sir Charles Peers and Our National Treasures

The gold medal of the Society of Antiquaries has been presented to Sir Charles Peers, who has no doubt placed it beside another gold medal awarded to him a few years ago. That medal was an acknowledgment by the Royal Institute of British Architects of the great work Sir Charles has done in safeguarding the most famous buildings in the land.

Readers of the C N will recall that Sir Charles was appointed Seneschal of Canterbury Cathedral, but in addition to this post he is the consultant architect of York Minster and Durham Cathedral, and surveyor to the fabric of Westminster Abbey. Many other historic buildings bear witness to his work, for he has been foremost in the attack on the death-watch beetle.

Few men in England have so wide a knowledge of our ancient buildings, for at the beginning of this century Sir Charles Peers became a member of the Society of Antiquaries to be chosen as its secretary, director, and president.

Sir Charles is an architect by profession and describes archaeology as his recreation, so that it is his recreation that has just received this high honour.

Ontario's Cripples

The crippled children of Ontario will soon catch the stamp fever.

The Canadian Philatelic Society is helping a scheme for forming a stamp club of which the 8000 crippled children throughout Ontario Province will be members. A big collection of stamps has been made so that each child will be able to start

A Word For The Not-So-Young

Mr G. S. Crossley, production director of Rowntree's, has been standing up for people who are not as young as they used to be.

Never perhaps in history has so much been done for young people but, as Mr Crossley told those who attended an exhibition of arts and crafts at York, we hear little of what is being done for people no longer young.

The pride of the craftsman, said he, is a precious thing which should not be allowed to die when working days are over, and he would like to see organised hobby centres all over the country concentrating on the older generation, providing them with a live interest for the days when interests are few.

We agree with Mr Crossley that, while youth must have its day, those who have passed it should not be forgotten.

The Church Well Represented

Many of us think there are too many churches in this country, but what of the Harrismith Native location in South Africa?

Apart from the usual religious denominations, there are here sects of the following creeds: The Zion Church, Bafolisi Church, Universal Brotherhood Church, Progressive Christian Church, Quite Independent Church, Zulu Congregational Church of God, General Favourable Assembly Zion Church of the Innumerable Apostles of God of South Africa, and smaller sects such as the Vuma Church, the Straight of Heaven Church, the Cheat-the-Devil Church, the Only One Perfect Church, the Fear-the-Lord-and-Go-to-Heaven Church, and the Church-of-the-Holy-of-Holies-of-the-Heavens.

The Talk of Italy's Countryside

The remarkable intelligence of a team of oxen at Saluzzo is the talk of the Italian countryside.

A man was driving the oxen back from some maize fields. He sat on the top of a heavy load of maize and, the road being rough, the cart overbalanced and the driver fell to the ground. He was pinned beneath the wheel of the cart.

The frightened oxen broke away and went steadily along the road for about a mile until they reached the farm. At the stable door, which was open, they came to a standstill. They missed the kindly words and the care of their master, but, though a boy caught sight of the oxen in the yard, nobody realised that anything was wrong.

The oxen hesitated, then turned and went down the road again, back to the overturned cart.

Several hours later a passer-by found the oxen standing there, evidently digging into the earth with their horns. He managed to pull the man free, but unfortunately he died soon after.

Dividing the Spree

The face of Berlin is changing day by day under Nazi energy.

From east to west of the city a great road is under construction, while a similar thoroughfare is to run from north to south. Embassies and legations will be among the buildings that will come down. A huge assembly hall standing in an open square, where a million people will be able to gather, will be the outstanding building in the north-to-south road, and even the course of the River Spree is to be altered so that it will run on either side of this great place.

THE GAME CRAZE

Racing the Tortoise

The human mind has always to beware of itself.

So diverse are our characters, so complex our make-up, that we are as liable to catch a disease of the mind as to catch a disease of the body.

The infection of games and sports is amazing in its rapidity. Why does a game catch on, after being dormant for long periods? Why, for example, did golf, after being obscurely played by a few Englishmen (in emulation of the Scots), suddenly flash through the land? In 1880 it was played at Blackheath by a few old gentlemen who wore scarlet coats so that they should not hit each other in driving; now the making of golf courses has become a big business.

So with dominoes. No one seems to play the game now in this country, but in Estonia it has suddenly become a fever. Fortunes are lost at it, and we are told that the Government has had to make laws about it.

Then from south-west England comes the strange news that tortoise-racing has become a vogue! A Weymouth minister condemns this sorry sport, which has become popular in South Dorset. The contests take place on billiard tables, the tortoises carrying toy jockeys!

The human mind has so many resources, given even a little education, that one wonders at the resort to such inferior substitutes for true enjoyment.

Catching a Shark

A local club angler at Durban, using a rod and 12-cord line, made a record blue-pointed shark catch not long ago. It took four hours to land the catch, for the shark fought with much ferocity and cunning. The monster weighed 880 pounds. The record shark for Durban of any species of shark is 920 pounds.

FRANCE HAS A SHIPPING MINISTRY But We Have Not

If we compare the merchant ships of Britain and France we find that, while we have over 17 million tons of shipping, France has only three million tons.

Yet France has a Ministry specially devoted to the interests and welfare of her mercantile marine, while we are content to leave it to a department of the Board of Trade.

In the French Ministry formed by M Daladier the mercantile marine is in the charge of a minister, who has nothing to do but care for French merchant ships. In The Times a correspondent says with great force:

The present seems an opportune moment to repeat a suggestion which has been made more than once before for the appointment of a Minister of Shipping, whose sole duty it would be to foster and help our merchant shipping to enable it to compete successfully under present conditions with the shipping of other countries.

Such a Minister would not stand idly by and allow some of our oldest lines to be driven off the Pacific nor hustled out of business in the Far East, where the Japanese have reduced our holding to something less than 20 per cent of the trade.

Such representations were made to the Government at the close of the war, when the decision was taken to destroy the Ministry of Shipping which was set up in 1916, when we were in grave peril because of shipping neglect. In all our long history we have had such a Ministry for less than three years. The conditions which built up the British mercantile marine no longer exist, and its present position is a matter for anxiety and inquiry.

Competition Result

In C N Competition Number 50 the two prizes of ten shillings each were won by Brian MacNeill, 253 Brodie Avenue, Liverpool; and Erica Suttill, Heatherdene, Stone Grove, Edgware.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were won by:

Olwen Aiers, Llanrwst; Jane Barrington-Ward, Oxford; Phyllis Bishop, Devizes; Vera Blunt, Cottenham; Maureen Bridcut, Blackheath; Mary M. Carrick, Stirling; Margaret Carthew, Camborne; Mary B. Costain, Newcastle; Edith M. Davies*, Mountain Ash; Vera Dickson, Middleton-in-Teesdale; Revell Edge-Partington, Catford; Janet Edwards*, Thame; Marjorie Goudie, Welwyn Garden City; R. C. Greensmith, Mansfield; J. Hamstead*, Rammarsh, near Rotherham; Jill Harlow, Pett Level, near Hastings; Enid Hulin, Bristol; Bernard March, Devonport; Rita A. Pond, Cullley; C. M. Rhodes, Bradford; Irene Rich, Pencoeed; Joyce Stafford, Wellingborough; Doreen Wade, Doncaster; Helen Weightman, Harpenden; G. L. Whitehorn, London, S.E.13.

Those prizewinners whose names are marked with an asterisk have obtained new readers and are awarded half-a-crown in addition to the prize.

The correct answers were:

1 Always put the saddle on the right horse. 2 A mouse may in time cut a rope asunder. 3 A crooked log will make a good fire. 4 A handsome shoe often pinches the foot. 5 You cannot drive a windmill with a pair of bellows. 6 Don't send for a hatchet to break open an egg.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of May 1913

The Cost of a Panic. Nations are slowly finding out that, as Mr Norman Angell has taught us in his book *The Great Illusion*, wars and rumours of wars are not worth the cost. A calculation has just been made, by a great authority in Austria, of the effect of a recent war panic in that country, and it is said that the money loss was at least £13,000,000.

The panic disturbed business all over the country, and withdrew money from circulation by compelling the banks to hold it in reserve. It is good that nations should find it costly to lose their tempers and that the cry for war should be unprofitable.

NEW DAY FOR OLD CONSTANTINOPLE Blow For the Turkish Bazaars

The day is apparently coming when we shall have to go direct to Birmingham, which exports so many of them, for the souvenirs the traveller bargains for in the Turkish bazaars.

A new law soon to be put into force in Turkey abolishes bargaining in shops. Prices are to be fixed, and shopkeepers will be fined if they sell their goods at a lower or higher price.

Tourists visiting Constantinople will probably find that the bazaars have lost much of their charm, for the excitement of bargaining was always a great attraction. It will be interesting to see what effect this new law has on bazaar life, where bargaining is so much in the blood of the Turks that it will probably be a long time before they accustom themselves to a different way of shopping.

The Turks are, of course, not the only people with a passion for bargaining. In India it is a common sight to see natives, squatting outside a station about to make a journey with their wives and families and all their worldly goods, totally unable to understand that the price of a railway ticket is always the same. They go up to the ticket office, ask how much the fare is to Calcutta, for example, and on being told that it is a certain price say, "I'll give you so and so for it." When it is pointed out that the price of the ticket will not change the native squats down with his family again and waits till he thinks the clerk is in a better mood. Then, after about six hours, he goes to the office again, and the same conversation is repeated, until the native is finally made to understand that you cannot bargain for a ticket!

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Perhaps the most interesting School Broadcast next week will be Friday's feature programme on Canals. S. P. B. Mais and the B B C recording van have paid a visit to Limehouse and Brentford, where records have been made of the voices of barges, lock-keepers, and so on. A child from the school for barge children may have something to say.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Vegetable Culture (2) Potatoes: by C. F. Lawrance. 2.30 Senior Music: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.25 Trading with America: by Professor Arthur Newell. 2.5 Listening In to the Migrants: by W. W. Williams. 2.30 Youth: by Joseph Conrad—a book talk by S. P. B. Mais. 3.0 Concert Lesson: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Captain Cook: by Douglas V. Duff. 2.30 Colours Animals can See: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Orchestral Concert.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Czecho-Slovakia: by S. W. Wooldridge. 2.5 Our Village—The Village Green. 2.30 Speed: by Hugh Ross Williamson.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Along the Route Napoleon: by H. E. Symons. 2.30 Canals: by S. P. B. Mais. 2.55 A Story of King Arthur. 3.15 Next Week's Broadcast Music. 3.35 Foreign Affairs: by Sir Frederick Whyte.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Speech Training for Juniors: (Hugh's Vowel) by Anne H. McAllister. 2.5 The Farms of Scotland—Speed the Plough: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 Senior English—Robert Louis Stevenson, a dramatized biography.

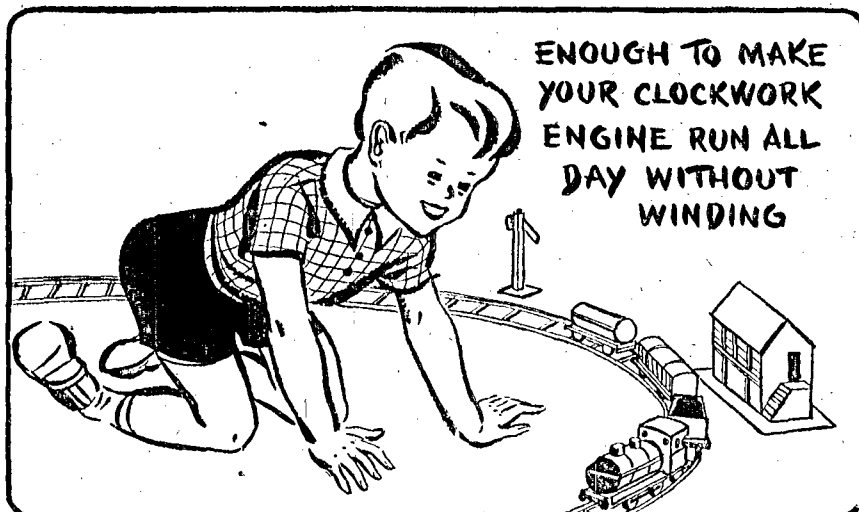
WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Water Babies: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 Concerts for Primary Schools—Irish Songs, arranged and presented by Herbert Wiseman.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Junior Music—Rhythm Games: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 The Songs of Birds: by G. W. MacAllister. 3.5 Roads, Canals, and Bridges: by H. Hamilton.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Underground Wealth (2) Quarrying Soft Coal: by D. L. Linton. 2.55 The Jacobites—a Programme of Story, Poem, and Song.

Do you know that

THERE'S AN AMAZING AMOUNT OF ENERGY IN EVERY 2^D BLOCK OF CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE



SCIENTISTS SAY that it's the energy-values of the things you eat that keep up your vitality and good spirits. So when you buy Cadburys Milk Chocolate remember that you're getting more than something that's nice to eat. You're giving yourself a valuable store of new energy that will make work-time seem not so bad, and play-time much more enjoyable still! There's a glass and a half of milk in every half-pound block of Cadburys—in a delicious form!

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE



Also in ¼ lb. and ½ lb. blocks

Complete in Two Parts

THE HOUSE BY THE WOOD

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 1

In the Dark

THE wood was an unpleasant place to be lost in, especially with the shades of night falling so fast. Most bitterly now Dyke Raeburn upbraided himself for assuming that he would find a path through these trees that would take him into the open country beyond. He ought to have been more careful; he should have borne in mind that this district was as new to him as a new penny.

He was angry with himself. He ought to have waited till Bertie Nicholson could have come along with him. But instead he had said to Bertie, "I'll go ahead, old man, and wait for you at Newton Ferry tomorrow."

And Bertie had answered, "All right. If you must then you must. All you've got to do is to stick to the roads and the signposts."

The roads and the signposts! And he'd fancied himself too clever to stick to the roads! So instead of being settled comfortably now in the Guest House here he was, tramping more or less, he suspected, in a circle, exploring all sorts of tracks which led nowhere.

If it hadn't grown dark so fast! If the trees weren't so thick! If it hadn't been so squashy and wet underfoot! If only a bird or two had been singing out somewhere! But all the lucky birds were sleeping like tops, and it began to look as if he had better do the same, deferring his escape from the maze till the light came.

Fortunately Dyke was not easily frightened. The prospect of spending the night alone in a black forest inspired him with no apprehension at all. He could keep himself warm with the gear which he carried in his pack, so had only, he felt, to find a dry enough spot, and there set his back to the trunk of a tree.

Then it all turned the other way round, as so often occurs. No sooner had Dyke abandoned his search for an exit than he stumbled on the very thing he had sought. In hunting for a dry spot he came to a clearing; and lo! beyond the clearing was a glitter of lights.

In fact, he had stumbled upon the edge of the wood, and the gleaming lights were those, as he could distinguish, from the windows of a house by itself in a field.

Good! He would ask his way at the house. He wouldn't be disturbing them because obviously they hadn't gone to bed. So, with pack on his shoulders, he set off across the field, and, coming near the house, he paused to prospect it. Apparently he was approaching it from the back, for he made out some sheds and a poultry run under its lee—yes, a poultry farmer's, of course, he told himself pleasantly.

And all those back windows lighted up like a beacon! Just as if they'd been lighted to guide someone out from the wood. Jolly sociable, he thought, of the people inside.

There was only wire railing enclosing the sheds, and, diving under this with the aid of his pocket-torch, he took the path to the door and let out a hail. Receiving no response, he knocked on the door. Three times he knocked, and when there was no reply still he tried the door, felt it give at once, and stepped inside.

Then, standing in the passage, he called out: "Is anyone here?"

A bright light burned in the passage, but nobody answered.

Advancing a few yards, he raised his voice louder. "Is anyone here?" he repeated, and stood listening in a deep silence.

It was strange, he thought, but he must not intrude any farther. He would go outside again and wait on the path till the someone for whom the lights had been left came along. And then he would beg a lodging, perhaps, for the night.

After calling out again without any result he returned, with a yawn, to the door and put hand to the knob. This turned on his grip, but the door itself did not move. It had stuck, he supposed. He shook it: But still it resisted. And all at once he realised that it was locked.

Somebody had locked it from the outside. If Dyke had put his feelings at that moment into words he would have uttered, "I'm blown if I like this!"

And when almost simultaneously the light in the passage went out, so that he became conscious not only of the silence but of complete darkness, he might have added words of actual alarm. But, countering silence with silence, he stood where he was, very still, scarcely breathing, and listening

with all his ears, convinced that there was more here than he understood and thinking harder than he had ever thought in his life before.

Danger? There might be danger. He sensed that, of course. But the best way of meeting danger was to confront it, not to wait for it to steal on you in a dark passage. With this conviction he turned round again, and flashing his torch he discerned the banisters at the foot of a staircase.

He would go upstairs and explore. Were the lights on up there still? As he grasped the handrail and mounted no shimmer came down to him. He reached the landing and halted. Pitch darkness was waiting him. But his torch revealed doors on either side, and more stairs to the top floor.

A queer empty house, he thought. One minute blazing with light, and in another minute darker than midnight.

Well, he had his torch. He looked in both rooms, which were fully furnished as bedrooms. When he tried the electric switches they clicked ineffectively.

Next he turned his attention to the windows. In each room he found these securely fixed from the outside. From the outside! That looked a trifle suspicious. Against what had they been fastened from the outside? To prevent anyone getting out? But why should a poultry farmer wish to shut his guests in? Yes, suspicious and not too agreeable.

Then after another bawl he went to the top floor, where he found two more bedrooms exactly in the same state, and both as empty of life as the others.

CHAPTER 2

Who's There?

AND then just as he was about to descend the catastrophe happened. His torch ceased to function. The battery had given out. It would, he growled, just when he most needed it; and how careless he'd been to neglect to renew it this morning. But, then, hadn't he expected to be in Newton Ferry by this time?

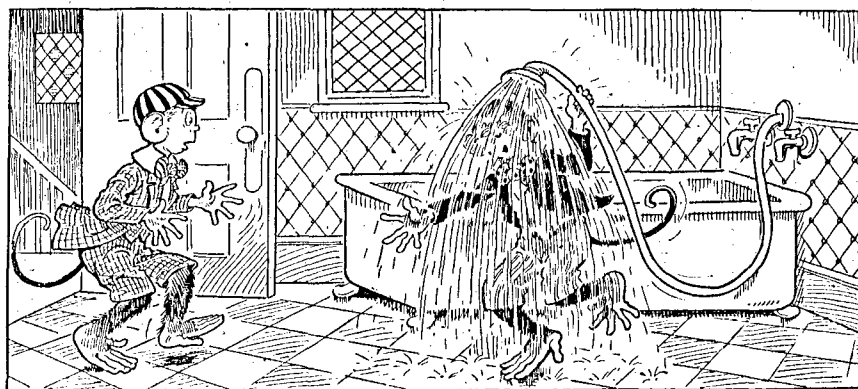
Ha, wait a minute! He chuckled in his relief. If his pocket-torch thought it had sold him it was mistaken. What about that box of matches in his pack?

JACKO TAKES A SHOWER

MONKEYVILLE was putting up some new blocks of flats, and Mother and Father Jacko were discussing them at dinner-time one day.

"There is a lovely show flat," said Mother Jacko. "I should rather like to inspect it."

Jacko pricked up his ears. A chance to go exploring! He quickly finished his meal and dashed off to call for Chimp.



Jacko was drenched to the skin

They walked toward the flats, whistling cheerfully.

The door of the show flat was wide open. Jacko looked at Chimp. "Let's have a look round," he said.

They wandered into the various rooms and found much to admire. Finally they inspected the bathroom.

"Coo!" cried Jacko. "What a spiffing bath! And it's got a shower!"

He looked longingly at the gleaming bath, with the shower apparatus coiled round the taps.

Chimp began to get restless. "Come on, Jacko," he said. "Let's go."

Unslung the pack, which he'd kept all the time on his shoulders, he searched feverishly till his fingers closed on the box. But how much good was a box with only three matches in? He felt all round the bottom and sides of the bag in case some had escaped. Good, here was one! No, it was a spent one.

So that was all that remained to him—three wooden matches.

Just as well that Dyke Raeburn did not suffer from nerves, but was able to keep a level head on his shoulders. Although admitting that he might have felt happier with Bertie Nicholson or some other pal at his side, he saw no reason for giving way to defeat. So prudently saving his matches, he groped downstairs again, tried the back door anew, then the front one, without success; then the sitting-rooms and the kitchen.

This expedition cost him one of his matches, which he had to use in a fruitless search for a candle. But eventually he wound up with the conviction that, not being a bird and thus able to fly up the chimney, his only way of escape from this mysterious prison was to pick up a chair and shatter one of the windows.

A heavy rain was lashing the panes of the windows, and the gale that brought it began to howl round the house. This started a new train of thought: Why not stay where he was? The conditions outside could hardly be reckoned attractive, so why not turn the tables on those who had played him this trick by making himself at home until their return? It would serve them right. They had "asked for it."

And why wait downstairs? Why not settle down on one of the beds? Take off his boots, and have a proper rest with his head on a pillow?

Reminded of the fairy-tale of the Three Bears, Dyke was grinning as he found his way upstairs once more, to dispose himself full stretch with his pack and his boots within reach. He was grinning widely while he patted his pillow and smoothed it before drawing the sheets and the counterpane up to his chin.

No, he mustn't drop off to sleep. He must keep awake; it might be too foolhardy to drop off to sleep. What a long day he'd had, and what a jolly good tramp until he had lost his way the first time where the river misled him! Of course, it was clear now that he ought to have followed its curve instead of keeping on and then

turning to the right at the bridge—at the bridge—Bertie Nicholson—that farm-labourer with the cart—

Hallo! He had drifted off. He'd been dozing! This wouldn't do. He jerked up his head and his shoulders, he shook his head from side to side for wanting to nod again. Phew, how dark it was still! He couldn't have been asleep for more than ten minutes—five minutes—well, it was no good staying bolt upright, was it? Lie down again. That's better. . . .

He had dropped to sleep again. Yes, he must have done surely. Listen! Was there somebody in the room?

Dyke had wakened with a start. Was there somebody moving in the room, or was that sound whispering? Or had he dreamed it? Had it only been part of his dream?

"Who's there?" he asked, sitting straight up with a clutch at the bedclothes. "Who's there?"

"Is there anyone there?"

A dead silence, in which he could feel his heart thumping his ribs.

He began to draw a picture of the room in his mind, as he had seen it by the light of his torch the first time. It was a large room, furnished as bedrooms usually are, with a papered ceiling, two oil-paintings on the walls, and with a thick carpet—just the carpet for feet to come stealing across without noise, for a person in stocking feet to come stealing across! This recollection caused him to slip out of bed, and to stand quite still with the bed between himself and the door. For some minutes he waited in that way, holding his breath. But when nothing happened he called himself coward and went to the door.

It was shut just as he had left it.

He wedged the back of a chair beneath the door-knob. Then he tiptoed back into bed.

But this time he was resolved not to drop off to sleep. One such fright was enough to last him a long time; no, thank you, he didn't want any more dreams of whispers. Although, on reflection, was it the sound of a human voice whispering, or had it been more like the sound that a dying wind makes in the branches. Branches? There weren't any branches outside his window; there wasn't a tree of any kind near his window. And listen! *that* was the wind all right, blowing in gusts. Hark! that rattle of the window-frame was the wind.

Perhaps the noise had not been in the room. It had been downstairs perhaps.

When these confused reflections had run themselves down Dyke pulled himself together and thought of the time. And, wishing that his watch had a luminous dial, and vowing he'd have one of that kind in future, he speculated whether to strike his last-but-one match. But, considering that he had not used it just now, when the extravagance might very well have been warranted, his stubborn nature resented its use for his watch. For the time was the time, and whatever it was he couldn't alter it or make it hurry up.

Whereas he might have serious need of his matches. So, even with the box in his hand, he resisted.

There was no need to draw up the blinds; there were none to the window—he had noticed that the first time he had come up. The strangeness of an unscreened yet fast-secured window returned to his mind with a more disturbing sensation. It was not from this window that the light had been streaming. For this was one of the rooms in the front of the house and probably overlooked a road.

It was too dark to tell, but the field in which the house stood no doubt abutted on a road or a lane for the carts of the tradesmen.

Well, all that he would see for himself in the morning, when at last he'd come face to face with this strange poultry farmer who first lured people who'd lost themselves to his house and then locked them up and vanished into thin air! What motive was hiding behind such eccentric behaviour? Dyke asked himself this till his head reeled.

Why not change his mind, smash the window, and drop to the ground? Rain or no rain, storm or no storm, why not get out of here? He didn't like it. He owned up. He was afraid.

The room felt so horribly silent.

"Make ready! Make ready! Make ready!"

Bursting out of the silence had come a hoarse voice. With his heart in his mouth, Dyke started up, trembling all over. So hastily he struck a match that its stem snapped. He had lost it. He had only one left. He struck that.

As it spluttered to flame the voice in the room spoke again.

"Make ready! Make ready!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

But Jacko's eyes were glued on the shower. "I just want to see if it works."

Chimp looked alarmed.

"I wouldn't touch it. Suppose somebody catches you?"

"Pooh!" scoffed Jacko. "I don't care. Besides, the water isn't turned on!" With that he unwound the shower from the taps and began to twiddle the knob marked On and Off.

WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH, CROSS, UPSET



Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour, indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

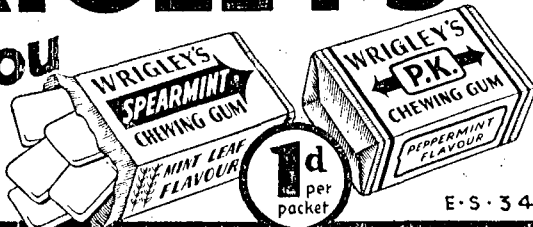
which is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions for its maintenance. There are now too cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. Subscriptions should be addressed to The Secretary, The Infants Hospital, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.



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as a band
on a long
gruelling
march—

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fresh



E.S. 34

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A "FOUNTAIN PEN" for 2d



The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkeduct Reservoir" attachment (Prov. Pat.) gives fountain-pen action with advantages of Gillott's Stainless Steel nib. "Inkeduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with three patterns of nib.

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MARIE ELISABETH REALLY ARE SARDINES!
★ DELICIOUS AND SUSTAINING ★
OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE
ENJOYED BY EVERYBODY



Hair combed
this way
stays arranged

After you've spent many minutes arranging your hair wouldn't you like to feel sure it would stay in place all day without another "pat" or another thought! A little 'Danderine' on your hair before you comb it will do this for you; it's a special boon after a shampoo.

'Danderine' isn't a sticky dressing yet it keeps every hair in place. Its delicate, appealing fragrance creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness.

Just try this:

Use 'Danderine' every day—every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing not only that it is clean but that it really looks clean. To know that it will stay as you arranged it and that no dandruff will appear.

You will be delighted with the improvement in the general condition and appearance of your hair and scalp which 'Danderine' will bring. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all chemists and stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Danderine'
FOR THE HAIR



..FREE Patterns for making these 3 Washing Frocks

Every girl can make herself pretty new frocks with the help of BESTWAY books. This one contains 35 designs for Washing Frocks—all of them practical, easy to make, easy to wash, and certain to please any girl of 2 to 15 years of age. FREE PATTERNS for

these three washing frocks are included, and there is a special offer of three other frocks cut out in material—all ready to sew—at amazingly low prices. You need look no further if you want a really charming selection of summer frocks for young girls.

BESTWAY

Fashion Book No. 141

CHILDREN'S AND MAIDS' WASHING FROCKS

6d

At all Newsagents and Bookstalls, or 7d. post free (Home or Abroad) from BESTWAY, Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week to any house in the world for 41s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 7, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Jumbled Sports

WHEN the letters in the following jumbled words are arranged in their proper order they will spell the names of eight popular sports. BLOFLOAT LABSBEAL KINSTAG LOSESCAR KOYCHE GRINTSWEL CERTKIC RINGOW

Answer next week

Latest Jungle News

THE hyena wins everyone's praise. For at last he has mended his ways. Of his laugh rude and loud He no longer is proud, He just giggles politely these days.

The Touch of the Master

THE famous Italian composer Mascagni was walking down a street when he heard a barrel-organ slowly grinding out some of his music. He went up to the man who was playing it and, taking the handle, quickened the time to the proper speed.

Next day the organ-grinder carried a card which bore the words: Pupil of Mascagni.

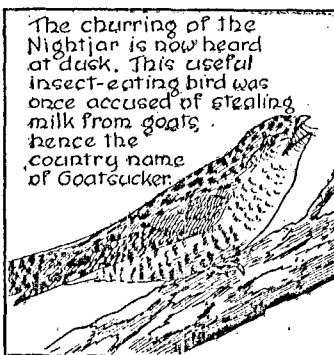
- What Happened on Your Birthday**
May 8. John Stuart Mill died 1873
9. Von Schiller, German poet, died 1805
10. Sir H. M. Stanley died 1904
11. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, died 1778
12. Earl of Strafford executed 1641
13. Sir Arthur Sullivan born 1842
14. Henry IV of France assassinated 1610

Facing the Truth

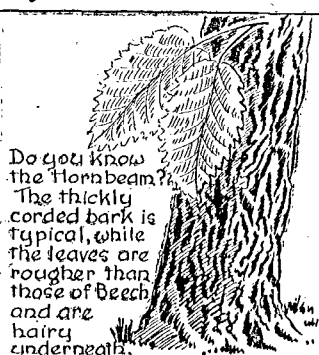


Why, bless me! What an appetite! No wonder I grow big. I know I'm getting quite a sight; I really am a pig!

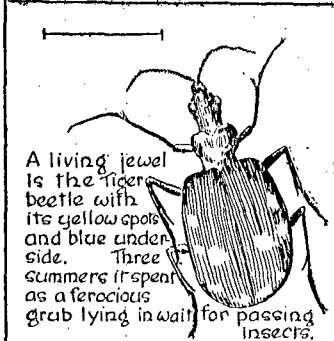
In the Countryside Now



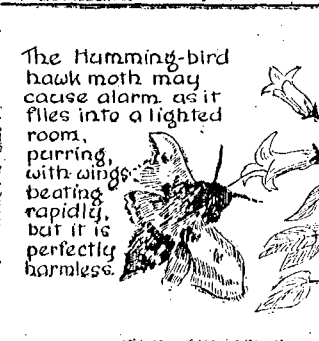
The churring of the Nightjar is now heard at dusk. This useful insect-eating bird was once accused of stealing milk from goats, hence the country name of Goatsucker.



Do you know the Hornbeam? The thickly corded bark is typical, while the leaves are rougher than those of Beech and are hairy underneath.



A living jewel is the tiger beetle with its yellow spots and blue underparts. Three summers it spends as a ferocious grub lying in wait for passing insects.



The Humming-bird hawk moth may cause alarm as it flies into a lighted room, purring, with wings beating rapidly, but it is perfectly harmless.

A Charade

MY first is seen in every line, And may be found, of course, in mine; My second, howsoever near, You cannot see, but often hear; While by my whole the man of trade Has information oft conveyed.

Answer next week

Ici on Parle Français



Le bord Le pique-nique Le ruisseau
bank picnic stream

Quel joli ruisseau! Il nous faudra apporter notre déjeuner et faire un pique-nique sur ses bords.

What a pretty stream! We must bring our lunch and have a picnic on the bank.

An Economical Irishman

Do you say that if I take this stove I shall save half the fuel? Then I'll take two of them and save it all!

The Problem

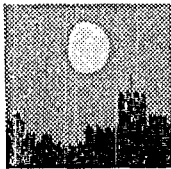
THE schoolmaster of a certain French village school was a bit of a humorist and decided one afternoon to see how far he could bewilder his pupils, so he propounded the following problem.

This school-room in which you are sitting is 27 feet long, 21 feet wide, 12½ feet high. My desk measures 3½ feet long and 2½ feet broad. My inkstand is 5 inches in diameter. What is my age?

A long silence ensued. "Am I to presume that nobody can give me the answer?" asked the schoolmaster, and at that moment a very little girl at the back of the class put up her hand and said: "I know the answer, sir; you are 60 years old." "How have you arrived at that calculation?" asked the schoolmaster. "Well, sir," replied the bright little girl, "down at our house we have a neighbour who is half an idiot, and he is just 30 years old."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Mars are in the west, and Neptune in the south-east. In the morning Jupiter is in the south-east. The picture shows the moon at nine o'clock on Sunday evening, May 8.



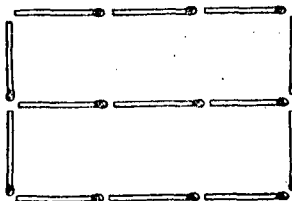
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Peter Puck's Fun Fair

Place the letter S in front of each object and you have S-harp, S-trap, S-top, S-hare, S-sink, S-pear.

The town is Leicester.

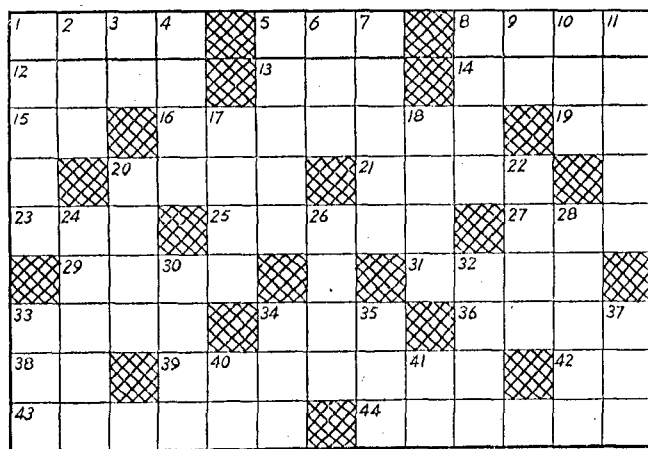
The Match Puzzle



Reading Across. 1. Small sheet of paper. 5. Hole in the ground. 8. To venture. 12. To improve. 13. Exist. 14. So be it. 15. Signifies direction towards something. 16. Try. 19. Doctor. 20. Fruit of the blackthorn. 21. Fruit skin. 23. To enlarge by addition. 25. Angry. 27. Everyone. 29. Part of the finger. 31. A family or tribe. 33. Fine earthy sediment. 34. Period of time. 36. Hindmost. 38. This little word introduces a conditional sentence. 39. Rebounding. 42. King's Counsel. 43. An instrument used for enlarging a hole. 44. Literary compositions.

Reading Down. 1. To chatter. 2. A cereal. 3. New Testament. 4. To distribute. 5. Father. 6. Wrath. 7. To invite. 8. Fruit of a palm. 9. Morning. 10. Of a bright warm colour. 11. To enter the name in a list. 17. Labour. 18. An equal. 20. A sea mammal. 22. Cord used for fastening a shoe. 24. A cutting instrument. 26. Tunes. 28. Allowing water to pass in. 30. A detail. 32. Curved lines. 33. Title of a knight. 34. Organ of hearing. 35. Devoured. 37. Royal College of Surgeons. 40. French for the. 41. Third person singular, verb to be.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week

USE BEFORE SMILING! MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO WHITEN TOOTH ENAMEL

Did you know that teeth, so badly stained that the discoloration resists even scraping, will become a beautifully clear white if your dentifrice contains magnesia of the right brand?

Try this on dingy teeth, and see them whiten! There is something in the chemistry of the mouth that blanches the tooth enamel when a certain toothpaste of high magnesia content is used a few times. Phillips' Dental Magnesia gives you 75% 'Milk of Magnesia'.

Dentists advocate this new type of dentifrice. Not because of its remarkable whitening action, but for its complete correction of acid mouth. 'Milk of Magnesia' neutralizes the mouth acids which cause cavities and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Tartar does not form, either, when Phillips' Dental Magnesia keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

It's the amazing whitening properties that really won the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, but noticeably white teeth are a great asset to men, too. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

16,000 poor children

will be given a day in the country, or by the sea, this coming summer—if funds permit. Will you please help to make this possible? The cost is 2/- each.

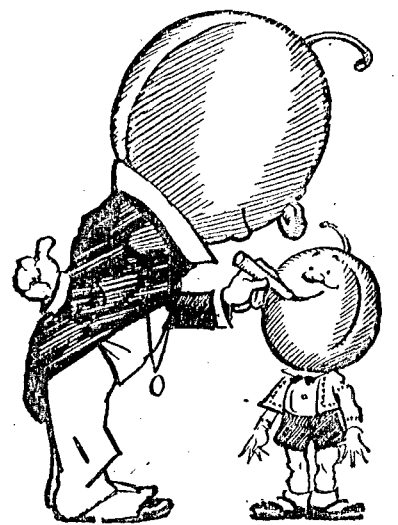
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